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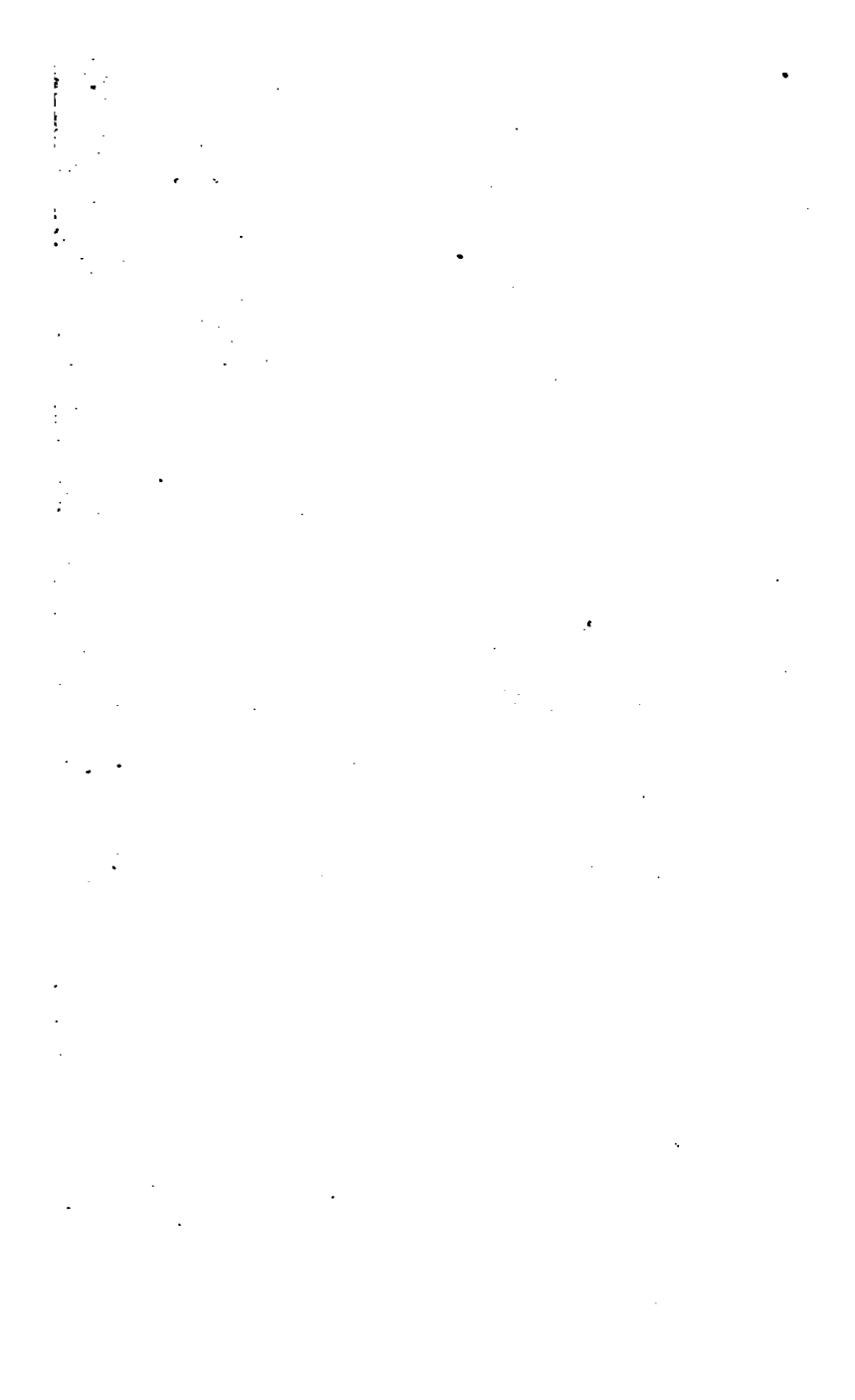
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THE
POETIC





THE
POETIC NEGLIGÉE.

BY CALEB.

Author of "Fox Populi."

Loyauté aux Dames.



LONDON:
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,
STATIONERS' COURT.

1832.

234.

Stokes, Printers Savoy Street, Strand, London.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE,

WITH THE VERIEST HEART-HOMAGE,

DEDICATED TO

**THE FIRST, CHIEFEST, AND MOST LOVELY OF
GOD'S WORKS,**

W O M A N.

possible
conclusion
that the
technology
of the
future will
be able to
do what
we are
doing now.

to provide more information on the

the *Journal of the American Geriatrics Society* (JAGS) has long been a leading journal in the field of geriatrics, and this new journal will complement JAGS by providing a forum for research and clinical practice in the field of aging. The journal will accept original research, clinical practice, and review articles, and will also publish book reviews and short communications. The journal will be published quarterly, and will be available in both print and electronic formats. The journal will be a valuable resource for researchers, clinicians, and students in the field of aging.

THERE being *more* than sufficient in the annexed pages to try the fortitude of *l'ami lecteur*, I will be proportionably considerate, and cut the *discours préliminaire* as short as possible.

Of course I am not insane enough to imagine, (if the madness of Poets *can* have a limit,) that the thorough-paced Prose-monger will doom himself to the *peine forte et dure* of my poetic rack; and even the indulgent admirer of the "Gay Science" will, I apprehend, have quite enough to do to preserve his equanimity *àbove par*.

The peruser of the present Miscellanea may set it down as a true tenet, that had my intellect been fed upon any useful *pabulum*, instead of (woodcock-like) the springs of the Castalides, the following verses would never have come into either *my* head or *his* hand, and thus the literature of the Nineteenth Century would not have been enriched with the treasures of "The Poetic Negligée;" but the mind lying fallow, the

seeds of idleness took root, and, for want of tillage, quickly over-ran it, as gardens are known to luxuriate weeds, (in the place of flowers,) through the want of due care and cultivation.

Being therefore wholly *sans emploi*, I was soon driven upon those Goodwin-sands of society—INTRIGUE, (where many a *desœuvré* has been wrecked before me,) and I had no choice or alternative but to establish *une liaison littéraire*, which (blushing at the admission) I accordingly entered into, with a *Mademoiselle* Erato, sixth daughter of one Jupiter, (who married into the Mnemosyne family,) and “by her had issue,” (as Mr. Debrett says,) the *rosy* bantling which the reader, at the present moment, does me the high honour of being dry-nurse to.—He is said to be the very *type* of his mamma, who (when *enceinte*) had *une maladie* for the popularity of her offspring, and (as the *Author* of his being) I am free to confess, that I sincerely hope the maternal *penchant* may be indulgently gratified.

She is, moreover, *again* in that interesting situation, “in which ladies wish to be who love their lords,” but should her firstling not be taken cherishingly by the hand, I have a sort of painful *presentiment* that the little innocent will be *mort-né*, and so exceedingly sensitive do I feel upon the occasion, that I cannot bring myself to look upon her *fausse-couche*, in any other view than as a downright *miscarriage* of my own.

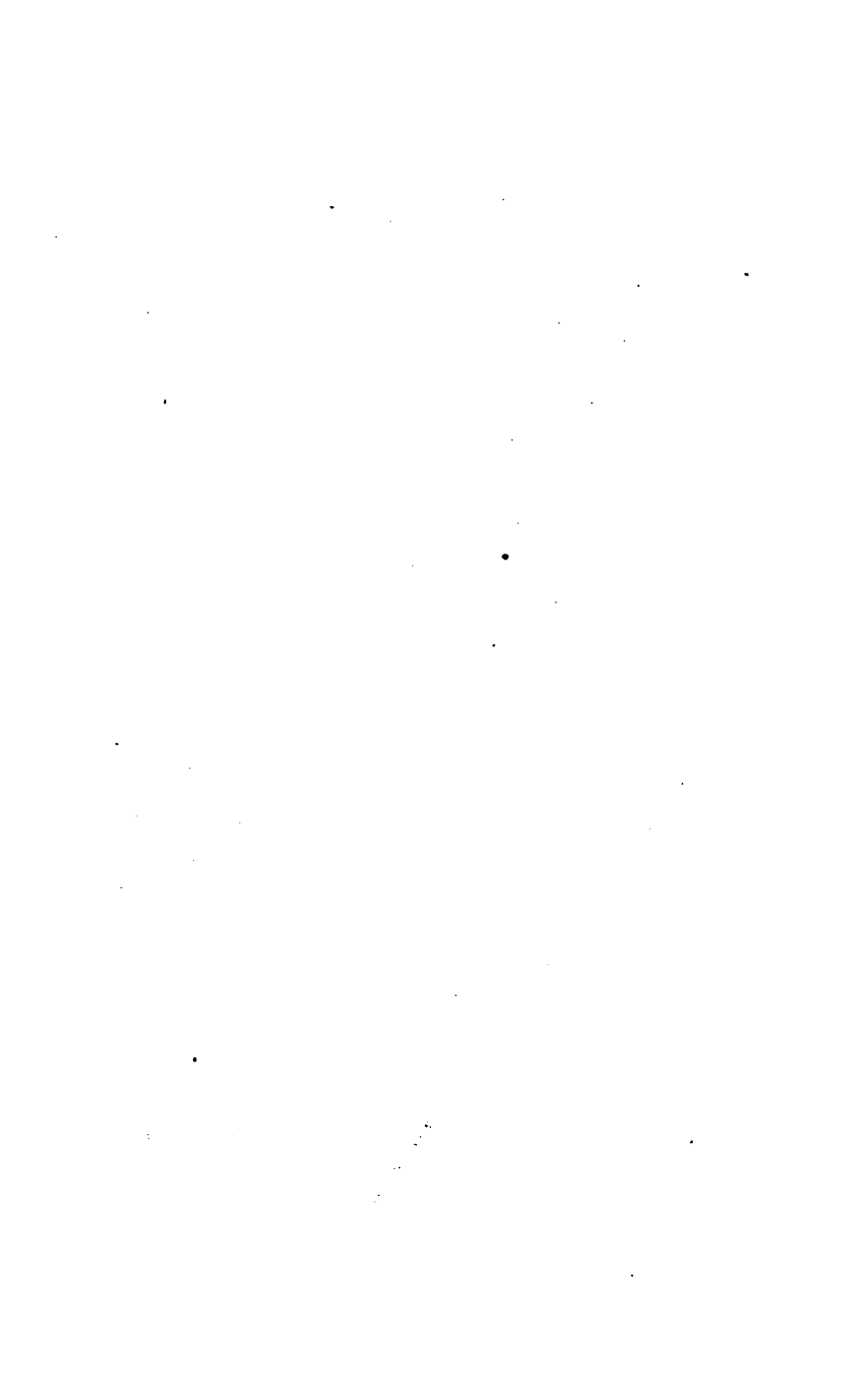




In offering "The Poetic Negligée" to the acceptance of the public, I take permission to remark, that some of the *loose beads* have been already submitted to inspection in different journals and periodicals, and it is principally (I am proud and happy to say) in obedience to the "soft command" of many of Eve's loveliest daughters, that I have *now* ventured (most humbly) to collect and string them together.

At first, I had some *very serious* thoughts of empanelling a "special jury" of old maids, and of submitting to them my work *in sheets*; in order that any of the pieces which they (dear sensitive souls) should consider *trop fleuri*, might have the benefit of their moral expurgation; but fearing, should I *risk* the experiment, that my verecund censors would leave me nothing but my title-page to go to press with, I resolved upon the desperate hazard of being *my own* licenser, and of publishing my *brunettes* without the emendation of either saint or sinner.

Though denying to my MS. the excerption of others, I have by no means been parsimonious of it myself, and all those *morceaux* which rose above "fever heat," (by the



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THE
POETIC NEGLIGÉE.

THE

1

1874

1875

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1878

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1881

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1883

THE KISSE.

" Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore—
What flight is that which love will not explore ?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do :
Tho' watched and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of *kissing* through a wall."

" Come l'ape trae dai fiori soave liquore, così l'uomo estrae dolcezze dalle
mellifue labbra di vezzosa Donna."

" **AMONGE** thy fancies tell me this,
What is the thinge we call a kisse ?

It is a creature borne and bred
Betweene the lips, all cherrie-red,
By love and warme desires fed,
And makes more softe the bridall bed.

It is an active flame that flies,
 First to the babies of the eyes,
 And charms them there with lullabies ;
 And stills the bride too when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheekes, the eare,
 It frisks and flyes, now here, now there,
 'Tis now far off, and then 'tis neare,
 'Tis here and there, and *everywhere*.

Has it a body ;—aye, and wings,
 With thousand rare encolorings ;
 And as it flyes it gently sings,
 —‘ Love honie yields, but never stings.’

Has it a *speaking* virtue ?—Yes.
 How speaks it, pray ?—Do you but this—
 Parte youre joyn’d lips, then *speaks* your kisse :
 And *this* love’s sweetest language is.”

As it’s *learnedly* shown by the context above.
 ‘That “ kissing’s” the primitive “ language of love,”

[And that it *is* so I am bound to believe,
Or else how could Adam have courted Miss Eve?
I'll hasten to mix its professors among,
And learn to excel in so charming a tongue;
So tell me no more of your "*lingua Toscana*,"
Which melts into sighs "*nella bocca Romana*"—
Of the warbling Malay,* that's so highly Euphonick,
As even (*on dit*) to eclipse the "pure Dorick,"
Or of *that* gentle tongue, which your poet-men sing
Is penn'd with a feather from Cupid's *own* wing;
And hence I conclude—for no reason is better,
Derive we that pretty expression—"Love-letter."

No! "*tell me no more*" of these beauties of their's,
Nor rock me to sleep with "soft Lydian airs;"
But waft me, ye gods, to that sensible sect
Who study all day in the kiss dialect,
And who, in their zeal, (lest forget them they might,)
Repeat o'er their lessons, the *last* thing at night.

But where is the tutor for studious gents.
Who gives (*con amore*) the first rudiments?
The tender instructress, whose *only* class books

* The Malay is the Italian of India beyond the Ganges.

Are a red pair of lips, and soft eloquent looks.
 O say me but where the kind humanist dwell,
 And I'll seek her alone in her doctrinal cell.
 Yes! I'll seek her *alone*, and I *think* she'll imply
 That she ne'er had a *much* apter pupil than I.

The *vowels*, I'll fancy I read in her eyes,
 And 'tis easy to picture our *consonant* sighs ;
 While *Prosody's* * rules take the " sound " of her voice,
 And by " joining " our lips, I'll in *Syntax* † rejoice.

The verb-active, " to love," we will conjugate best ;
 Isay *best*, for I'm sure we'll *decline* all the rest,
 Since *that* darling verb, if by *heart* it is got,
 Is worth (in the grammar of life) the whole lot.

Of *moods* and of *tenses*, there's little to teach,
 As we only require for our task, *one* of each :
 The *moods*, the subjunctive, to which we're propense,
 And, *most certain it is*, we shall study *in-tense*.
 While both our declensions will end in *one* place—
 The first person plural and genitive case.

* " Prosody is that part of grammar which teaches the sound, &c."

† Syntax is the system of *joining things together*."

In parsing ('tis easy to do so with *no* nouns)
We'll both be content with *two personal pronouns* ;
And those are enough, I think all will agree,
For none *can* be wanting, beside *she* and *me*.

Reciprocal aid (by all means) we will render
In number and case, and (above all) in gender.
For scarcely a language knows one from the other,
But's always dove-tailing the sexes together ;
So *she'll* bring her " Horn-book," in order to time her,
And *I'll* not forget to supply my own " Primer."

When (thanks to my tutor) thus much has been done
(And the scholar has learned by himself to get on)
When, having explored all the most occult parts,
And scann'd every thing with my Mistress of Hearts ;*
I'll graduate slowly for higher degrees,
(*Id est*, I'll matriculate more at my ease,)
And *seriously* think about opening a school
To teach the soft science of kissing *by rule*,
Where *a few* parlour-boarders may find a resource,
Who prefer going through a " select private course."

* An honorary (female) degree ; corresponding, I conclude, with our *Master* of Arts.

Since after my practice with governess *Mary*,
I must be a *Poly*-glot Dic-ti-onary,
I'll "found and endow" a benevolent college
For *practical* lectures on labial knowledge.
And thus, having finished my lip education,
I'll write a sweet treatise on—Deosculation.*

* Vide Johnson or Walker.

THE BRIDE.

(A PORTRAIT.)

" But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness."

" E' un compendio di tutte le perfezione."

O SEE you yonder Ladie-three?—the midmost is the bride,
How know you her? I *know her well*, from all the world
beside,—

From all the *vestal* world I mean, I know that jewel bright,
And a gentler or more lovely bride, ne'er bless'd a bridal night.

I know her by the orange-flower, that Hymen *only* braids—
I know her by the robe of lace, that is *not* worn by maids—
I know her by the snowiness of satin shoe and glove,
And I know her by the milk-white rose, that's in her breast
of love.

I know her by the playful smile, that dimples in her cheek—
I know her by the joy she shows—*she shows*, but may not
speak :

I know her by that inward laugh, which chuckling *seems* to say,
Of all my young and mirthful life, *this is* my happiest day.

I know her by that lightsome step, as if she walk'd on air—
I know her by that crimson blush, which virgins do not wear—
I know her by the merry, merry lustre of her eye,
And I know her by that *half-suppress'd*, and *half-exulting* sigh.

O long, my bud of beauty, may that airy step be thine—
And long upon that dimple-cheek may rose and lily twine—
Full long with love may glisten, thy merry, merry eyes,
And *never* may thy bosom heave—unless with pleasure-sighs.

THE LILY OF LOVE.

(Written in an ORCHARD, in the Under-cliff, Isle of Wight.)

"I oft have heard
That angels condescend to smile on man."

"Cara al mio cuor tu sei
Cio ch'è il sole agli occhi miei."

SWEET daughter of Vectis,* the stranger-one sighs,
To meet you once more near the mulberry grove,
Where first in the light of thy blue sunny eyes,
He bask'd in the beams of enchantment and love.
Then, lady, vouchsafe, ere the stranger-one roam,
A minstrel's devotion and truth to insure,
Ere beckon'd away to his far-distant home,
O smile *once again* on the lone Troubadour.

In many a land, where the beautiful bloom,
I've knelt at the altar—of dear woman's knee,

* The classic name for the Isle of Wight.

But never *confess'd*, bear me witness, ye moon,
To priestess of loveliness, like unto thee.

Then, lady, vouchsafe, ere the stranger-one roam,
A minstrel's devotion and truth to insure,
Ere beckoned away to his far-distant home,
O smile *once again* on the lone Troubadour.

If hallowing beauty be reckon'd a crime,
Then—then am I guilty, *most deeply*, of this ;
And since the *sweet sin* is in worshipping thine,
Absolve me, dear girl, with a pardoning kiss.

Then, lady, vouchsafe, ere the stranger-one roam,
A minstrel's devotion and truth to insure,
Ere beckon'd away to his far-distant home,
O smile *once again* on the lone Troubadour.

Soft, soft, be thy slumbers, sweet Lily of Love,
As sighs that commingle when fond bosoms meet,
And, whither thy destiny calls thee to rove,
May *thy* warm young heart never *hopelessly* beat.

Then, lady, vouchsafe, ere the stranger-one roam,
A minstrel's devotion and truth to insure,
Ere beckoned away to his far-distant home,
O smile *once again* on the lone Troubadour

THE WOMAN THAT'S EQUALLED BY NONE.

" O WOMAN, WOMAN,—what can I call thee more?
If ANGEL, less."

" Let her peer
Into the world's wide casket—she will find
No gem of love like mine."

HERE'S a merry good-health to the girl of my soul,
In a bright foaming bumper of grape ;
Her *name* shall be mute, but let every man's bowl
Brim high for *his* mistress's sake.

And whilst the ripe nectar, delighted, we sip,
Be *this* the fond toast of *each* one,
(As the last rosy drop redly swims on his lip)
—" The woman that's equall'd by none."

Dear woman, we owe thee the debt of our love,
Our homage, our truth, is thy right,
Since by day that sweet wreath of enchantment is wove,
Which we wear on thy bosom at night.

Then whilst the ripe nectar, delighted, we sip,
Be *this* the fond toast of *each* one,
(As the last rosy drop redly swims on his lip,)
—“ The woman that's equall'd by none.”

There are *many* will tell thee they love very true,
And pledge their light faith in a sigh,
Tho' I *fear* in my heart, that the number are few •
Who *adore* so devoutly as I.

But whilst the ripe nectar, delighted, we sip,
Be *this* the fond toast of *each* one,
(As the last rosy drop redly swims on his lip,)
—“ The woman that's equall'd by none.”

And now, ere we part, let me say what I think,
(For my soul is athirst to be blest)
—“ May we *each* the moist kisses of dear woman drink
From the fountain of bliss we love best.”

So, whilst the ripe nectar, delighted, we sip,
Be *this* the fond toast of *each* one,
(As the last rosy drop redly swims on his lip,)
—“ The woman that's equall'd by none.”

THE LOVER'S ECHO.

" Man is capricious, jealous, free,
Vain, insincere, and trifling too,
And yet the women all agree,
For *want of better*—he *MUST* do."

" This then my prayer—O fond and constant be,
Constant and fond I'll ever be to thee."

ONE evening as lately I stray'd by the wave,
While the sun in his sea-bed was sinking to rest,
A sigh and a thought to my heart-dear I gave,
And thus told the secret that burn'd in my breast:
 "*I love*—but alas ! am I lov'd in return ?"
When echo repeating, said—" Lov'd in return."

With rapture I answer'd—" Sweet daughter of air,
Thou hast brighten'd my mind with the light of thy spell,
Thou hast stream'd like a meteor of joy, o'er my care,
And tenderly whisper'd me hope from thy cell.
Yet tell me, lone maid, if there's trueness in man ?"
Lo ! echo sigh'd softly—" There's trueness in man."

Out of breath I exclaim'd—" O but tell me of this

And I'll fondly believe it is heaven that I hear,

O tell me, thou babbler, thou handmaid of bliss,

O tell if my lover be warm and sincere.

O tell me, I pray, if he's fervent and true ? "

Kind echo made answer—" He's fervent and true."

" Thanks, thanks, dearest echo, for all I have heard,

And now, ere we part, thy *best tidings* express,

'Tis the " last time of asking," so waft me a word

That is spelt with a Y, with an E, and an S.

Shall I soon be a bride ?—tell me quick, *No* or *Yes* !

Would you believe it, dear echo *distinctly* said—

" *Yes.*"

WHAT IS A SIGH?

" Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell."

In those four words—" What is a sigh ?"
 How much of grief and pleasure lie ?
 In those four slender words are met
 Life's enigmatic alphabet !

The question's put, you wait reply,
 List, and I'll tell thee " what's a sigh."

In grief, a " sigh" is like the rose,
 Around whose stem the rank weed grows ;
 The weed the infant bud will press—
 The rose will die in its caress ;
 So grief will on the love-lorn sit,
 And choke the heart that pillows it.

But then a " sigh"—to wit, like mine,
 (And, reader, such, I *hope*, as thine)—

A "sigh," that's just so faintly deep
As wakes the soul from out its sleep,
When lips we love, and cheeks we prize,
Come dimpling to our ravish'd eyes—
A "sigh," ye gods, conceiv'd like this,
Is cousin-german to a kiss.

We talk with fingers and with eyes,
Then prythee say, why not with "sighs?"

A "sigh" can sever Cupid's chain—
A "sigh" can join its links again—
A "sigh" is woman's surest dart—
A "sigh's" the echo of the heart—
(A "sigh," the which may blissful make—
A "sigh" can whisper it to break)—
A "sigh" in every land you'll find—
A "sigh's" the lightning of the mind—
A "sigh" has oft th' affections stole—
A "sigh's" a message from the soul—
And on a "sigh," with wings of light,
The spirit takes its heav'nward flight.

A "sigh," when lovers' bosoms meet,
Will tell for what the flutterers beat;

A "sigh's" a wish, or thought, tho' heard—
Not *quite* condens'd into a word ;
A "sigh's"—at least so blushes teach—
A rosy substitute for speech ;
In sooth, good reader, then, a "sigh"
Is—What?—Why, Love's stenography !

WRITTEN THE MORNING AFTER WALTZING WITH AGNES.

“ The many twinkling feet, so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms, which terminate so well.”

—“ There is a language in the eye,
The cheek, the lip, nay
The *foot* speaks.”

But yesternight I lovely Agnes met
At crowded ball, and by her side I sat ;
Convers'd of trifles ! till I dancing nam'd,
(For which my Agnes is so justly fam'd,)
When music breathing, we the couch forsook,
And quick our places 'midst the waltzers took.

O glowing language, to my pen now fly,
Bid nature's beauties with each other vie,
To paint correctly all her charms confess'd,
And show the joy with which my soul was bless'd.

As through the lab'rinth of this dance divine
We glide, our limbs each other's close entwine,
And like the tendril in its fond caress,
As *mutual stay*, my knee to her's I press ;

While eyes commingle in soft, silent gaze,
As sweet precaution 'gainst the dizzy maze.*

Tho' oft-told circles we enraptur'd wind,
Yet true to skill, her foot to mine I find ;
And as each round with tremor we complete,
Our souls impassion'd urge our nimble feet
To rapid finish of the varied parts,
And suit alike our palpitating hearts.

My hands alternate rove around her waist,
As with her white arm is my shoulder grac'd—
Which now again in graceful play is spread,
And high o'er arch'd above her beauteous head ;
Whilst my fond duty is to swiftly bear
Her half-recumbent thro' the perfum'd air.

But as the waltz, by Terpsichore's high will,
Outvies all dances by its grace and skill,
So is my Agnes form'd by Heav'n to prove
The aptest pupil in this school of love.

* With reference to this *matrimony of vision*, I take upon myself to pronounce it a decided specific, or *anti-vertigo*—at least, I ever found there was a spell or *charm* in my partner's eye, that effectually precluded the giddiness so often complained of in waltzing.

THE REJECTED !

" Could'st thou, celestial beauty ! view my heart—
View the *dear image* on that heart impress'd ;
So like thyself—and unimpassion'd read
The indented motto—Love ?"

" O, when the heart which hath so well
Its deep and lone devotion prov'd,
Is still—and tongue has ceas'd to tell
How fervently it lov'd—
Then, then, around thy soul shall cling
Fond memory's imagining."

O I have lov'd—yes, wildly lov'd,
As none e'er lov'd before ;
Passion within my heart has dwelt,
And fed upon its core—
Passion which *now* through every vein
Climbs to my hot and mad'ning brain.

I've lov'd, methinks, so strangely pure—
So deeply, warmly, well,

As man can never hope to know,
Or tongue may dare to tell.
My love, like her that gave it birth,
Has not its likeness on this earth.

I love not, O I *cannot* love
As other beings do—
Mine is the soul's idolatry,
As fierce as it is true ;
A raging flame that *will* not die—
A frenzy of sweet agony !

They coldly tell me—*Time will cure*
This fever of my breast—
This fond delirium of the heart—
This murderer of my rest.
They tell me *Time's* been ever found
To heal a slighted lover's wound.

But let the chilly cynics preach
To tamer souls than mine,
And bid the wretch who *lightly* loves
—Go linger and repine.
I *scorn* to be compassion's slave—
A soldier's freehold is—the grave.

Yes ! death for me has little sting,
If *all* this world could give
To gladden life—has *faithlessly*
Condemn'd me *not* to live ;
And yet, O heaven ! *'tis hard* to die—
To perish—for one's constancy !

TO C. J. A.

" Breast to breast, and lip to lip, our souls
Shall flee together, and our latest sighs
Mingle in death ! "

" I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap,
And be buried in thy heart. "

REMEMBEREST thou the gladsome time
When joy was in its spring,
And Cupid fann'd our early love
With warm and playful wing?
O then, though nurs'd in beauty's lap,
And free to rove at will,
Yet well thou knowest, *even then*,
Thou *wert* my darling still.

I've ever thought true-love should be
Like that enduring flame,
Which vestal sighs were wont to keep
Undyingly the same.

So like that *constant* fire, *my* love,
No earthly blight can chill,
For after ten fast-fleeting years,
Thou *art* my darling still.

And when thy present roses shall
Of many winters speak,
I'll fold thee closer to my heart,
And kiss thy paler cheek.
Then smile upon thy faithful one,
Nor dream of any ill,
For while I live, my gentle Kate,
Thou'lt *be* my darling still.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

TO GEORGIANA.

“ For if you'll fly from love's connubial rights,
 'Till one as charming as yourself invites,
 None of *our* sex can ever bless your bed—
 Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.”

“ O let me breathe one vow upon that lip, beside whose hue
 The morning rose would sicken and grow pale.”

“ *Esperer aupres d'elle vaut mieux que jouer avec tout autre.*”

Lady, if thou wilt be mine
 Take, O take this slender ring—
 Be it love, the golden shrine
 Of our sweetest worshipping.

At the dim and vesper hour
 When the sunny light has died,
Lady, seek the silent bower,
 Love has curtain'd for my bride.

On thy crimson lips of bliss
 Murmuring accents shall repose,
 Fond and glowing as the kiss
 Burning Phœbus gives the rose.

As a white and beauteous dove
 Fly to me all pure and fair
 Like the lily-queen, my love,
 Save the blush thou needs must wear.

'Tis enough—wild rapture's dream
 Greet me as already thine—
 Come ye then, at twilight gleam,
 Lady, if thou wilt be mine.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S LAMENT.

"Aye, marry 'tis a tale
Of old tradition, full of wonderment
And such sweet sorrows as make crystal beads
Hang from young maiden's eyes."

"She died in all her summer glory,
Broken-hearted and unenjoyed."

O my bed it is a tyrant,
And it will not let me sleep,
And my pillow seems to whisper
—"Hassan, lie awake and weep."
For the couch that should delight me
With the bride-bliss of my mate,
Has no love-spell thrown around it,
But is lone and desolate.

O my faithful heart is bleeding,
And I hope it soon will break,
That lovers true may ever know
I died for *my* love's sake.

My troth-plight droop'd and faded
Ere she yet was well a bride,
And it false would be if Hassan liv'd
When young Zoraida died.

O fatal was the dream I dreamt,
For on the blush of day
I woke, and from my lattice
Saw the eagle seize its prey ;
And the sun which rose so warmly,
To illume our holy rite,
Grew pale at eve, and coldly set,
Unlike a bridal night.

O bitter is my cup of life,
The cup, alas ! of woe,
And darkly o'er its venom-brim
The poison-waters flow.
The sweetest rose in Araby
Is wither'd ere 'twas blown,
And the blighted heart it grew upon
Can never flower alone.

O weep, ye maids, and ye who prize
A maiden's peerless faith,

O tell it oft, when I am gone,
He sought his bride in death ;
And when the Christian stranger
Shall muse within our groves,
Be sure, like fond and faithful ones,
Ye sing of our true-loves.

O brightest of the ebon-eyed,
Too pure on earth to be,
Ere morrow's dawn, we'll meet, my bride,
In fond eternity.
Yon silver moon that laughs on high,
As though to slight my pain,
May still disport her paly lamp,
But mocks not *me* again.

I come, I come, Zoraida love,
All in my summer's bloom :
I come to lay me by thy side
Within thy virgin tomb.
My lip shall press thy lily cheek,
Where late the roses spread,
And I'll clasp thee in a close embrace,
Since 'tis our bridal bed.

THE SPELL !

" She was bright as a summer's morn
When all the heav'n is streak'd with dappled fires,
And flush'd with blushes like a rited maid."

" There was a pretty redness in her lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in her cheek."

'Tis not because thy lovesome eye

Outbeams the young Gazelle's ;

'Tis not because thy tuneful sigh

Dear woman's *musings* tells.

It is *the spell*, my blooming maid,

Which lingers round thy charms,

That woos me to the twilight shade,

And beds me in thine arms.

'Tis not the hue that love has ta'en

Thy vermil lip to flush ;

Nor is it that the roses twain

Are wedded in thy blush.

It is *the spell*, my blooming maid,
 Which lingers round thy charms,
 That woos me to the twilight shade
 And beds me in thine arms.

'Tis not the smile that gives to light
 Thy teeth of pearly die,
 Nor is it yet thy ringlets bright,
 Disporting lovelily.

It is *the spell*, my blooming maid,
 Which lingers round thy charms,
 That woos me to the twilight shade,
 And beds me in thine arms.

'Tis not thy harp, that flings around
 Fit music for above—

'Tis not thy voice's silvery sound,
 Though breath'd to words of love.

It is *the spell*, my blooming maid,
 Which lingers round thy charms,
 That woos me to the twilight shade,
 And beds me in thine arms.

* * * * *

Drink plenteously, my thirsty eyes,
From such a fount of bliss ;
Inhale, my soul, through humid sighs,
The nectar of her kiss.
Pant, pant, my heart, with flutterings wild,
And throb, my burning breast ;
Who loves not fiercely beauty's child,
By love should ne'er be blest.
Then wake *the spell*, my blooming maid,
Which fingers round thy charms,
And bid me to the twilight shade,
To nestle in thine arms.

WRITTEN IN ——— GARDENS

“ The dove flies not alone,
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair.”

“ Amour, amour, quand tu nous tiens
On peut bien dire—adieu prudence !”

Let the silver lute of love,
 Lightly breathe its silken measure—
Let the fair and faithful rove
 Round our flowery haunt of pleasure.

Let Æolia's murm'ring string
 Swell the wanton zephyr's sigh—
Let our choral voices fling
 Symphon to the starry sky.

Let Anacreon's fervid lyre
 In its melting numbers speak—
Let the flush of fond desire
 Print its rose on beauty's cheek.

Let the heart that 'pulses true,
 Seek a home on woman's breast,
Like the wandering dove that flew
 Erewhile to its ark of rest.

O'er our leafy bower of love,
 Warbling peris now are winging,
While their dewy pinions move
 To the tender lay they 're singing.

Sweet's the sleep in moon-lit cell,
 Beneath the clustering woodbine-shade,
But sweeter far, than *I* may tell,
 To share that sleep with blushing maid.

THE DARK CAVALIER.

' Love's heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings."

" Her inmost soul
Floating in bliss, she all dissolved away
As dew on roses in the morning's beams
Evaporating melts."

" O WHERE is my dark Cavalier,"
As she wept, thus a lone beauty cries,
Young Love dipp'd his dart in her tear,
And wrote on the wind her fond sighs.

The night-wind to lovers is true,
The lone beauty's plaint it has borne,
On his Arab the cavalier flew,
And ceas'd has his dove-mate to mourn.

He sooth'd the fair maid on his breast,
" Behold thy truc Leman," he cried,

"Thy tears are the tears of the blest,
For thou'rt the dark cavalier's bride."

No more then, o'er field and o'er wave,
Shall that lone beauty's wanderer steer,
At the altar of love kneels the brave
Joy, joy to the dark cavalier.

THE PEERLESS.

" O she was lovely as the first-born Eve,
Fresh from the sculpture of the Deity."

" Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix *one* spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The *might*—the *majesty* of loveliness?"

HER's is an eye of tenderest blue,
And curtain'd o'er with ebon fringe—
Her's is a cheek of snowiest hue,
In dalliance with the rose's tinge.

Her's is a form of cloudless light,
Heaven's own elect in mortal guise—
Her's are the the tresses blandly bright,
Cupid's retreat in lovers' eyes.

Her's is a mind so chastely free,
That virtue's self might shrine her there—

Her's is a heart that throbs with glee,
As oft it smooths the brow of care.

And her's a temper—O it vies
With summer ocean's placid sleep,
Ere zephyr quits his sunny skies
To woo the slumber of the deep.

And when at times her lip of love
Will swell her harp's mild melody,
It breathes of minstrelsy above,
Elysium's hallowed euphony.

In sooth, to me, she seems to shine
A maid of more than mortal birth,
A being sent, of holy line,
To wander for awhile on earth.

C'EST VOUS MA CHERE.

(THE COQUETTE'S CATECHISM.)

" Expectation whirls me round,
The imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense—what will it be
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar."

" He that hath a beard is *more* than a youth ;
And he that hath no beard is *less* than a man ;
And he that is *more* than a youth is not for me ;
And he that is *less* than a man I am not for him."

(HOPELESS CASE.)

Who boasts, I pray, the brightest eye,
That pours it's beam on thee—
Whose lips distil the sweetest sigh,
I pr'ythee tell to me.

Say who?

C'est vous,

Once more declare,

C'est vous ma chere.

Who best, I pray, with magic skill,
Can touch the ivory key—

Whose voice the tenderest song can trill,

I pr'ythee tell to me.

Say who?

C'est vous,

Once more declare,

C'est vous ma chere.

And who, I pray, is matchless seen,

Who may that fair one be?

And who is beauty's radiant queen,

I pr'ythee tell to me.

Say who?

C'est vous,

Once more declare,

C'est vous ma chere.

And last, who claims the happy boon

Of fondly tempting thee,

To SHARE a blissful honeymoon,

I pr'ythee tell to me.

Say who?

C'est vous,

Once more declare,

C'est vous ma chere.

FAREWELL TO ITALY

" Heart on their lips, soul within their eyes,
Soft as their clime, and sunny as their skies."

" An adieu should in utterance die,
Or if written, but faintly appear;
Only heard through the burst of a sigh—
Only read through the blot of a tear."

FAREWELL to thee, Italy—land where the light
And the lustre of love is perennial and bright;
And whose heart-creed, O heaven! is like unto mine,
Which worships dear woman—as all that's divine.

Farewell to thy grape-trellis'd bowers of bliss—
Farewell to the lips I may never more kiss—
Farewell to thy myrtles and bloom-scented glades—
And farewell to thy fond and thy warm-bosom'd maids.

Farewell to thy arbours of fragrance and shade,
To *pair in*, (like dove-nests,) for true-lovers made;
Farewell to thy fountains that dance in the sun,
Where the gentle are woo'd, and the tender are won.

Like the lightning that gilds thy cerulean skies
Are the fires that flash from thy dark-daughters' eyes ;
Like the mingling of lutes, when the breeze wantons by,
Is the music that floats on the balm of their sigh.

Thou 'rt the clime where young Cupid delights him to rove—
Thou 'rt the cradle of Venus—the rose-bed of love—
Thou 'rt the Eden to which all the joy-rites belong—
Thou 'rt the birth-land of beauty, of bliss, and of song.

Adieu to thy vines, and the nectar they pour—
Adieu to the blue wave that sleeps on thy shore ;
Adieu to each mountain—adieu to each dell—
And to those I have sigh'd with—O sweetly farewell !

THE TRUE-LOVE PAGE.

“ Now hold your mouth, pour charitie,
Both knight and ladie free,
And hearken to my spell;
Of bataille and of chivalrie,
Of ladie-love and druerie,
Anon I wol you tell.”

HE gave his plume to the battle-wind,
 Whilst the red, red bolts were flying;
And rais'd his war-cry loud and high,
 Where the sons of death were dying.
All raven-black was his panoply,
 His barb-steed white as snow;
And his lance it danc'd, as if drunk with the blood
From the heart-veins of the foe.

—“ Sir knight, sir knight, it ill befalls,
 That thou dost ride to the foray;
O know'st thou not, through helm and targe,
 Thy true-love Page—thy Mary.

For thee has she left proud hall and bower
To fight by her lover's side ;
And the sad hour's come, when her eyes shall close
In the foam of the battle-tide."

The shaft is sped—her white bosom's rent—
One glance told the knight her story,
He fought o'er her crest till a foeman's brand
Bequeath'd him the bed of glory.
—They join'd their lips in a cold embrace,
Their knell was the cannon's rattle,
And the grave of the knight and his true-love Page
Is the crimson heath of battle !

WOMAN'S WITCHERIES.

. "The syren's song
 Wrecks not the list'ning sailor half so soon
 As woman's sigh shipwrecks the heart of man."
 "Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
 Upon the very naked name of Love."

THERE 's been a time my pulse beat high,
 When woman's lip was suing ;
 There 's been a time when woman's sigh
 My signal was for wooing.

There 's been a time her tears could drown
 My sorrows in a minute ;
 There 's been a time her very frown
 Had somewhat lovely in it.

There 's been a time her rosy smile
 Could light up warm emotion ;
 There 's been a time her song could wile
 My spirit to devotion.

There 's been a time my sweetest bliss
Was woman's heart to capture ;
There 's been a time when woman's kiss
Convuls'd my soul with rapture.

There 's been a time when woman's love
Was, no one knows, how pleasant ;
There 's been a time for all th' above,
And O that time 's—the present.

THE WISH !

" Then swift and gentle as the gentlest dove
I'll seek thy breast, and equal all thy love ;
Cupid shall fan his purple wings, and spread
Undying rapture for our nuptial bed."

" I have no hope that does not dream of thee—
I have no joy that is not shared by thee ;
All that I once took pleasure in—my lute—
Is only sweet when it repeats thy name."

I wish I were a rose, my love,
That I might braid thy hair ;
Or blushing might languish, love,
Upon thy bosom fair.

I wish I were a bird, my love,
And could thy heart engage,
How sweetly would I sing, my love,
Within my prison-cage !

I wish I were the cup, my love,
From which thou'rt wont to sip,

I'd wish thee often thirsty, love,
That I might kiss thy lip.

I wish I were the breeze, my love,
That woos thy fairy form,
No chill should e'er steal o'er thee, love—
My sighs should all be warm.

I wish I were an echo, love,
And then no *other* name
Save "Agnes," (which is thine my love,)
These fond lips should proclaim.

I wish I were thy pillow, love,
O heaven! how soft I'd be,
That thou with pleasure might, my love,
Thy cheek recline on me.

But *most of all*, believe me, love,
It were my wish and pride,
To press thee to my heart, my love,
And christen thee—my bride!

CHARADE.

" Gentle as if descended from the skies,
 And lovely as an angel-form must be,
 A spirit, as methought, before mine eyes,
 Amidst the sons of earth stole silently."

Thou, thou, art life, and all the world to me—
 All day I doat, all night I dream of thee."

MY *first*, since the *crim-con* of Eve, has been reckon'd
 The curse-entail'd birthright, alas ! of my *second* ;
Unite them, and O ! in that sweet word is given,
 The glory of earth—the *chef-d'œuvre* of Heaven !

THE ROSE OF LOVE.

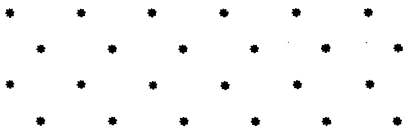
" Yes ! I am gay and smiling now,
 But little dost thou know
 How oft a light and careless brow
 Is darken'd o'er by woe.

The giddy word, the laughing eye,
 Which would the truth disown,
 Are chang'd for many a bitter sigh.
 When the world hath left me lone."

I've lov'd through many a summer's day,
 Through many a summer's night,
 And bath'd this burning soul of mine
 In seas of wild delight.
 Through years of fond and tender bliss,
 For woman's smiles I've strove,
 And, true to Venus, still I'll keep
 The Carnival of Love.

[And pr'ythee tell me, who is Love ?—
 The King of bow and dart—
 His empire ?—*The vast universe*—
 His throne ?—Dear woman's heart—

His chains?—As golden cobwebs light—
 Their links?—Bright beauty's eyes—
 Whilst firmly are his fetters wrought,
 And rivetted—with sighs.]



I've pilgrim'd where the burning sun
 O'er distant Indus shines,
 And told my beads of passion there,
 At bright and living shrines.
 At bright and living shrines I've knelt,
 Yea, knelt at beauty's feet,
 Nor ever bent the knee before
 More radiant idols yet.

In fair Italia's mellow clime—
 The clime of soft desire,
 Like to its own impassion'd mount,*
 I've burn'd with hidden fire,

* Mount Vesuvius.

And as adown its vine-clad side
The boiling torrents roll—
So, fed with secret flames, has burst
The lava of my soul.

I've drank at many a honied fount
In Lusitanian grove,
And sweetly slak'd my raging thirst
With luscious draughts of love.
In Cintra's wild and silent shades,
Full many a moon-lit night,
From red and roscid lips I've quaff'd
The kiss of deep delight.

There is a lovely myrtle shore,
Bathed by the Tyrrhene wave,
Where, at the pensive set of sun,
I've sighed as pleasure's slave.
Yes ! in Iberia's olive-land,
Her fondest ones I've met,
And *felt* the flash that lightens from
Their eyes of molten jet.

Let other wanderers falsely tell
(Who've fear'd the bliss to prove)

That Paynim maid was never won
 By aught save Moslem love.
 For O, while memory lives, I'll dream
 At least, of *one* dark flower,
 That bloom'd for me, and *me* alone,
 Within its Moorish bower.

It was the young Hamāma,* ne'er,
 O ne'er has Afric's sun,
 In his hot wooings, kiss'd the cheek
 Of such a dove-eyed one ;

And she was mine— * * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

In every soft and sunny clime
 Where beauty builds her nest.
 And fervent man delights to make
 His heaven—sweet woman's breast—
 I've dwelt awhile, and banquetted
 On lover's dainty fare,
 With God's supremest loveliness,
 The bless'd repast to share.

* The Moorish, or more correctly speaking, the *Arabic* for dove.

. O ! errant have my footsteps been
 To many stranger-shores,
Where woman keenly, wildly, loves,
 And man, in turn, adores.
—Whose temples are the silent groves,
 —Where Cupid's the high priest,
And Venus is the deity
 That's worshipped at the feast.

But though I've barter'd pleasant sighs
 With those who've toy'd the while
In far-off lands—my heart still pined
 For its own ocean-isle ;
As, sooth to tell, a secret charm
 Wove *this* around my mind—
“ The fairest of all earthly fair
 In Albion thou wilt find.”

And such, (O heaven ! I bless the boon,)
 Such was I doom'd to prove,
As *now*, in Vecta's* Undercliff
 I view the Rose of Love ;
Or *roselet*, 'twere more fit to say,
 Since scarcely it has grown

* The Ancient name for the Isle of Wight.

Into a blushing bud, whose sweets
As yet, are not full-blown.

And need I name this modest flower?

No, no, true-love, 'tis said,
Keeps its *own* secret, whilst the fire
By silence best is fed.

And why need I to others tell

The "Rose of Love's" sweet name,
Since on my own adoring heart
'Tis grav'd in words of flame?

O! time may fly, and years may come

With age and sorrow rife,

And every mortal ill be mine

That crowds the page of life ;

But whilst *all other* joys may fade,

This, this, my boast shall prove,

I *had* the bliss, to win the vows

Of Niton's Rose of Love.

ON THE

*Death of the first Emperor (and FIRST SOLDIER) of the
French,*

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

" Sic transit gloria mundi."

" La Guerre en tous les temps fut le premier des arts."

'Tis past—the mighty bubble's burst,
And through th' enfranchis'd world
The death of *him*, by fate accurs'd,
On thunder clouds is hurl'd.

Full low the exil'd chief is laid—
Gaul's *first* of warrior-men,
Full low the hand that erewhile sway'd
Her giant diadem.

* * * * *

'Tis past—the dream of life is o'er,
 And *he*, of troubled reign,
 On earthly bed shall wake no more
 To light contention's flame.

Now humbled is that regal brow
 By time's unsparing sword,
 Which *whilom* nought could ever bow
 When France's scepter'd lord.

That brow where erst proud Gallia's crown
 In monarch splendour sat,
That brow where conquest-beaming shone
 Italia's coronet.

Is bound no more with victor-wreath—
 No more by chaplets twin'd,
 But cold the willows sigh beneath,
 Its parent dust hath join'd.

That lip on which Siroccos hung,
 Whose note, like Upas' blast,
Was death—in death is now unstrung
 And mute as ages past.

That eye, around whose eaglet gaze
War's crimson halo rose,
Is dim—and veil'd its withering blaze
In dark, sepulchral close.

No Popish rit'al told the time
Napoleon's spirit fled—
No incense rose to priestly chime—
No masses for the dead.

His life a soldier's life had been,
In peril's cradle rock'd,
And nurs'd in war's embattled scene,
Her sons now round him flock'd.

'Twas they who late in slaughter's day,
Had stood against his might,
In tributary, calm array,
Bedeck'd his parting night.

By English hands that cloak,* which ere
MARENGO's field had known,

* We have it on the authority of letters from St. Helena, that the identical cloak worn by Buonaparte at the sanguinary battle of Marengo, was made to

With British valour's gentlest care,
Around his bier was thrown.

And mark, the earth-bent eyes attest
A soldier's seemly gloom ;
'Tis sorrow's torch in honor's breast
That lights him to his tomb.

'Tis *done*—the pious creed is said,
The thrice-told volley's o'er,*
And low in Rupert's glen † is laid
The soldier-king of yore.

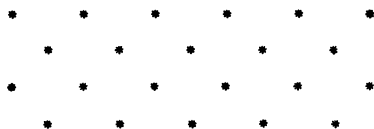
Thou hapless one—thy soul hath hied
To heaven's eternal throne,
Far better thou'd a chrisom‡ died
Than e'er to manhood grown.

render a *last* and melancholy office to its fallen chief, by an obsequial transfor-
mation from a conqueror's garb to an exile's *pall*.

* A trinal discharge of musketry closes the funeral service of those entomb'd
with "military honours." It is a *propitiatory* knell rung over departed valour.

† The name of the valley (by report) where Napoleon "sleeps the sleep that
knows not waking."

‡ An infant, the period of whose existence does not exceed a month.



In distant isle, whose rocky steeps
O'erhang the southern wave,
Ambition's proudest victim sleeps
In pity's humblest grave.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

" They were as twin lambs, that did frisk in the sun
And bleat one to the other."

" So they grew together
Like to a *double* cherry, seeming parted
But yet an union in partition." *

" *Quis Separabit?*"

" DEAR brethren of the mystic tie," †
We greet ye from Orunca,
Ye're *doubly* welcome, since ye come
In *una duo juncta*.

Fraternal clings in *our* land
At *best* are but unstable,
But ye, 'tis pleasing to behold,
Are *quite inseparable*.

* Query—*Parturition*.—Printer's devil.

† Burn's invocation to his absent Masonic brethren.

I own I laud ye for this trait,
 (So like a faithful brother,)
That come what will, through thick and thin,
 Ye *stick to one another*.

And let the worst in life occur
 To make thee both fall out,
One thing is certain, still ye are
 Attach'd—beyond a doubt.

Damon and Pythias, we're told
 Orestes and Pylades
Castor and Pollux, and besides
 Fond Sappho and her ladies

Were *very thick*—that is to say,
 Were *chums* in soul and heart,
But can they be compared to thee
 Who *never are apart* ?

Unlike our Lords and Commons house,
 (Who thus debates decide)
Let whosoe'er the "question" move
 Ye still do not—*divide*.

But when in parliament you've got,
Should any member scoff,
You've nothing more to do, than just
Cry " Order ! " and *pair* off.

Some say ye're male, and some female,
And some, the neuter gender,
But be it which it may, ye are
A living *double entendre*.

About the new steam carriage
They make a wond'rous fuss,
But ye are like a *double-bodied*
City omnibus.

I can't but think that Shakspeare must
Have had ye in his eye,
When (cunning rogue) he hit upon
The following simile—

As Juliet's friar's made to say
(When Romeo's at his fun)
—" *No go—till church has made you two
Incorporate in one.*"

'Tis rumour'd currently that both
Have wedlock in their ken,
But that I disbelieve, because
Ye are not *single* men.

Unto your minds the public jeers
Are not a flattering unction,
Although it's plain *why* ye're a *butt*
Because—ye're a *conjunction*.

If freeholders—when at the poll,
(T' insure Reform a bumper,) 'Tis clear you cannot *split* your vote,
So you must give a *plumper*.

Take my advice,—*fight shy* of all
The *burkers* and the surgeons,
For they're in league to *hocus* you—
Blood-*thirstying* * curmudgeons !

* I flatter myself this is a perfectly novel as well as nervous engraftment upon the parent verb-neuter.

Your *chain-shot* bodies are "bespoke,"
(An honour ye might prize,) And "by express desire," at both
Bartholomew's and Guy's.

If you don't *cut* the surgeons, they
Will precious soon *cut* you—
'Tis better, I should think, to *live*
As *one*, than *die* in *two*.

Moreover, eke, and furthermore,
They'd *cut* ye with a *knife*,
And that is not the way to *cut*
In fashionable life.

Besides, supposing to dissolve
Your partnership ye're willing;
When any human being's "cut off,"
Its always with—"a shilling."

I give you warning, therefore you've
No reason to complain,
For once you've had a *taste* it won't
Be "*cut* and come again."

But fear not these *con-kniving* men
Most lovely *Gemini*,
As none can doubt who've seen ye once
Ye're wards of *chance-awry*.

Your parents must have been involv'd
I think in legal tissue
Ere ye were born, and at the last
As lawyers say—" *join'd issue*."

Or else, when in the fam'ly way
(Like other married folks)
Your mother longed for, I've no doubt,
An egg that had *two* yolks.

However, it is lucky that
(As judgment for her sins)
She was not punished in the end
By having *Irish twins*.

And though dame Nature's tied ye with
No thicker than a whip-thong,
Ye're still (*synthetically* viewed)
An animated *diphthong*.

To *part* ye therefore seems to me
A sacrilegious blunder,
Since Scripture says—"whom God has join'd
Let no man put * asunder."

Adieu, my merry Siamese,
My Yankee twins adieu—
And when I look on—I know what,
I'll always think of you.

*Query—*Cut* asunder.—Surgery boy.

" Cords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

And who nor loves the soothing hue
That gleams through autumn's twilight dew,
When memory hallows friendship's urn
And maiden flames more brightly burn.

And who nor wakes from feverish dream
(With lover's hopes and doubts the theme)
When blushes forth the sun's first ray
'Midst nature's matin roundelay.

And who to sorrow's glooming child
Nor lends the eye of pity mild,
When furrow'd brow or anguish'd moan
Bespeaks the day of gladness flown.

If *one* there breathe whose bosom ne'er
Responded to the throe of care,
In mercy, Heaven, the wretch remove
Unbless'd by friendship, wealth, or love.

WRITTEN IN THE "IVY BOWER,"

At the Sand Rock Hotel, Niton, Isle of Wight.

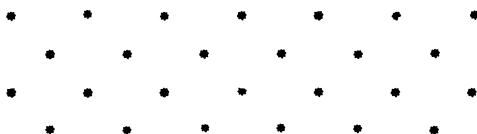
"They tell me there are eyes whose rays
Of sunny light, should bring relief;
Whose looks of love, and tender gaze,
Should win me from my dream of grief."

I've dwelt within this Ivy bower
For many a sweet and sunny noon,
And *here* full oft at midnight hour
I've talked with yonder blue-eyed moon.

Night is the time when moon and sea
Alike mine own sad heart, are cold—
Night is the time when Misery
Her pale and haggard court should hold.

Night is the time the happy are
 Steep'd in the dews of balmy sleep—
Night is the time the child of care
 Unseen, unmock'd, may freely weep.

Night is the time the bridegroom is
 Like turtle-dove, supremely fond—
Night is the time the bride's chaste kiss
 Becomes the sigil of her bond.



Once pleasure's sun did on me shine—
Once glory was upon my sword—
Once fame (unworthily) was mine,
 And *once*, I woman cherish'd and ador'd.

And do I not *adore* her yet?
 O yes, by past and present ties
 I *do*—and *will*, till death shall set
 His seal on these adoring eyes.

My memory *now* is but the grave
Of all that erst was glad and bright,
When beauty own'd me for her slave,
And friendship was my soul's delight.

But "friendship" is a phantom word—
A hollow, false, unmeaning name,
That's *never* felt, though often *heard*—
A flickering, sickly, vampire flame.

And "beauty"—but I dare not trust
My secret thoughts to come to light,
So fervent are they, that they must
Talk with myself *alone* at night.

* * * * *

Yet there are moments when I seem
As though I liv'd and *lov'd* anew—
As if my grief were but a dream
That fancy had beguil'd me to.

O *then* from out its prison-house
Will rush my spirit unconfin'd,
And give its joyous wings a loose,
Once more, to pleasure's balmy wind.

TO CHARLES S——

(On embarking for Foreign Service.)

“ () those who do not know what parting is
Can never learn to die.”

DEAR Charles—As men would gladly stay
The hour that ends their mortal day,
And vainly for one moment plead,
Ere number'd with the “ countless dead ;”
So would thy friend brief respite claim
To shake thee by the hand again ;—
But no, for distant shores I sail,
While thoughts of those I love prevail,
And recollections fond and true
But saturate the aching view.

Soon shall the gaze of stranger-one
Meet with that eye which lately shone
On friendship's dearest child confest—
'Twere flattery, Charles, to tell the rest.

Ne'er mind ; let hope its soothing pow'r
And magic lend at parting hour,
I'll cheerly think the day is nigh
That re-unites yourself and I,
And projects plan in endless ways
As pastime for prospective days.

But see where yonder transport rides,
'Tis there a soldier's fortune guides ;
I go—a doubtful chance to try
In glory's game—and lightly hie
To scenes where (Heaven accord the aim)
Thy friend may earn a mite of fame,
But should the hoodwink'd fate of war
Be his to fall in fields afar,
When friends inquire, do thou reply—
“ He died as soldiers ought to die,
And ere his bounding spirit took
Its upward flight, he bent a look
Towards that land, where ne'er again
His ear shall drink the syren strain,
Which erst his soul was wont to bless,
From Laura's lip of loveliness.”



And when *that name* thine eye doth greet,
 O Charles, prolong the cadence sweet,
 Repeat it o'er, and think the while
 How oft thy friend hath own'd the smile
 Of that *lone* beauty, for on sight
 Ne'er burst such soul-subduing light
 As flash'd from Laura's eye of blue
 When falter'd forth her last adieu.

O at this moment, when I've need
 Of other thoughts save Cupid's creed—
 When more ungentle deeds command
 A transit from this spell-bound land,
 How true in visionary guise
 My Laura breathes before mine eyes,
 That form * * * *
 * * * * * *

Farewell, my boy—and when at eve
 Your veins the generous grape receive,
 If haply o'er thy memory's disk
 A thought of me should idly risk,
 Fill, fill to him, whose cup shall be
 Each closing noon brim'd high to thee.

'Twould pleasure give, did time allow,
To write thee more, but even now
Propitious airs are gently sighing—
The signal's up—Blue Peter's flying ; *
While hoarsely peals the warning gun,
And " topsail sheets are homeward run."†

Once more adieu—and O believe,
Oft shall thy giddy Caleb grieve,
Till time, on pinions glad and light,
Restores thee to his anxious sight.

* A small blue flag, pierced white, kept flying at the mast-head previous to a vessel's sailing, as a signal for "all hands to repair on board."

† Nautical phraseology has it " topsails loose and sheeted home," but I have taken a liberty in the above instance with the more technical form of expression, for the purpose of facilitating the metre. It is the *last* signal made before a ship puts to sea, and attention thereto is usually called by "a gun."

WRITTEN IN SPAIN.

"Those breathing forms, those ripe round lips
Like a full parted cherry—those dark eyes,
Rich in such dewy languors."

Full oft, when around the mild zephyr was sighing,
And dimly the sun shed its vespertine ray—
Full oft, when the muleteer homeward was hieing
And chanting his hymn to the even of day—

I've sat by the cork tree, whose wide-spreading branches
In beauty o'er shadows Iberia's land,
And gaz'd (O my soul, how the mem'ry entrances !)
On cottagers dancing the gay saraband.*

As oft, when the dance for brief moment was ended,
And wont was the lyrist his art to essay,
I've sigh'd, as the mandolines' symphony blended,
While friendship or love was the soul-moving lay.

* A Spanish dance.

As mutely I've gaz'd when the troubadour's sonnet
A joy-beam had call'd to the young maiden's eye,
As stilly I've gaz'd at the dew-pearl upon it
When wak'd he his lute with a tear or a sigh.

* * * * *

How gladly each mortal delusion resigning,
I'd centre my joys in a region like this,
And, free from the anguish ambition attending,
Learn lessons of peace from these children of bliss !

TO LAURA.

" 'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall,
And since 'tis past recall, *must* be forgotten."

" O ! he, be assured, has never prov'd
Life's holiest joys, who has never lov'd."

PR'YTHEE, Laura, cease to lecture,
Smile again with every charm,
Beauty's of so soft a texture
'Twere a sin the gift to harm.

When you say, I am not *faithful*,
And, inconstance is my creed,
I rejoin, that you're *too watchful*—
Mutual truths are then agreed.

Since, sweet girl, yourself possessing
Every grace by nature given,
Pr'ythee do excuse my erring,
When I seek a *sister heaven*.

TO MISS ———,

*On presenting the Author with some MS. poetry of her own
composition.*

“Excellent wench!—Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.”

“Time goes on crutches
Till love have all its rites.”

Nor Ovid’s warmly breathing lyre—
Not Sappho’s tenderest song—
Not e’en Catullus’ harp of fire,
Nor *Moore’s* mellifluous tongue;

Nor all that’s ere been sung or said
By bard or warm or true,
Can emulate my Lesbian maid,
The lay inspir’d by you.

Its thrilling visions scintillate
In man's enamour'd eye,
Its tender truths reverberate
In woman's music sigh.

'Tis like that ray of witching light
That gleams at even-fall,
So radiant, yet so mildly bright,
It harmonizes all.

Thus sweetly are thy numbers wove,
My gentle *theorist*,
But if you'd *practically* love,
'Twould *illustrate* your text.

THE ZUNGEED TREE.

"The Zungeed, (a species of willow,) has leaves of a silvery hue, and the flowers, which are of a deep scarlet, send forth a delicious perfume. When in blossom, the Zungeed is viewed by the Persians with a jealous eye,* from a belief that it has a strong tendency to excite the love-thoughts of the gentler sex, whom they accordingly lock up (*Mon Dieu, quel horreur*) while the flower is in bloom."

"Tis done! 'tis done! Ah! let me find some way
To tell the mighty joy that fills my breast,
Lest I grow mad with height of furious bliss."

O HASTE thee, ever-dearest,
Ever-dearest, haste to me—
The pale-eyed moon, shall light us soon,
Beneath our Zungeed tree;
Whose boughs, with pearls weeping,
Now droop their silver arms,
To veil from sight, this tender night,
Thy young and glowing charms.

* The *married* gentlemen, I conclude.

But *other* arms, my dearest,
Shall gird thee in their hold—
The Zungeed tree, may wave o'er thee,
'Tis *mine* that must infold—
Thy cheek, love, shall out-blush it,
Though scarlet be its bloom—
While rapture-sighs, shall trembling rise,
And blend with its perfume.

Our Zungeed tree, my dearest,
Is now in rosy flower ;
'Twill spread for thee its canopy,
And be our bridal bower.
And while the stars are keeping
Their azure watch above,
And hearts beat high, and lips are nigh,
We'll tell our tale of love.

Thou com'st—thou com'st, my Peri,
Thy voice is on the breeze ;
The bulbul ne'er could woo the air,
With such sweet notes as these—
Now, Zungeed, wave thy branches,
Wave, wave thy scarlet flowers,

And moon and star, go shine afar—

A night of bliss is ours.*

* I refer the curious and inquisitive in Persian history, to the *Nizam al Tow arikk*, by *Abou Saïed Abdallah ben Almouelli*, as well as to the *Tarihh Nizam al Molk*, or *Seiaset wa Seir al Molouk*; the latter written *Anno Hegiræ* 485, (A. D. 1092).

TO AGNES.

"Then, in return, I swear to Heaven and you,
To give you all the preference of my soul—
No rebel-rival shall disturb you there,
And you shall reign sole mistress of my body."

"So I can talk, and laugh, and seem
All that the happiest souls could be,
Lull'd for a moment by some dream,
Soft as the sun-set on the sea,"

'Twas morn, and the rose-buds their beauties disclosing,
In blushes reveal'd all the glow of a bride;
And the bees in their harems of wild flow'rs reposing,
Like lovers unseen, all their ecstasy hide.

No breeze kiss'd the woodbine, yet still 'twere in motion,
Its tremulous leaves lent their sighs to the air;
'Twas alike to the even-tide trance of the ocean,
If breath'd on its bosom the lips of the fair.

Attun'd to such scenes was my heart's warmest feeling,
Each redolent shrub now luxuriantly shone;

But *one* flow'ret only, Love wanted revealing,
And I sigh'd to look round me and find *it* unblown.

And what was *that flow'ret*, that thus could awaken
The sigh of regret for its absence or fate?
To gaze upon which, all the rest were forsaken—
To own it?—O heaven! the boon were too great!

Bright beam of my destiny, waft to these bowers
My Agnes, the Hebe of beauty and grace;
Without her this Eden of loveliest flowers,
Were nought but a drear and unsanctified place.

Sweet girl, dare I trust the fond tale to thy hearing,
And tell thee, what fain I'd have told thee before—
How brightly, how truly to me thou'rt endearing—
How beats my full heart to its innermost core?

Thou'd haste thee to listen to vows of devotion—
Vows tender and true, as ere greeted a maid—
Thou'd hie thee to pillow thy bosom's emotion,
Upon my warm breast in this jessamine shade.

ON THE STRUGGLE OF THE GREEKS FOR THEIR INDEPENDENCE.

——“ 'Tis in the code of Heaven,
Blood will have blood—the slayer for the slain.”

AWAKEN ! awaken ! ye sons of the shore,
Whose waves murmur “ Freedom ” midst Slavery’s roar—
Arouse from your slumber—O long ye have slept,
Unmov’d by the tears that your fathers have wept !

’Tis the hour that thy glory shall blazon anew,
That thy fame shall revive, tho’ its champions be few—
Bethink ye of times when thy sires held the sway
O’er the land where their bones now in vassalage lay.

Stern Ali has kindled the beacon of war,
And each maiden of Greece, in her beaded simar,
Has sworn at the shrine her young charms but to yield
To Greek that shall conquer in Liberty’s field.

Thy matrons are weaving thee chaplets of fame,
And the harp of thy minstrels is breathing again ;
Thy xebecks triumphantly waft o'er the sea,
And thy valleys re-echo the hymns of the free.

Does Parga not rise to thy vengeance-fed mind,
Like the curl of the flame that its altars entwin'd ?—
Be “Parga” thy war-cry, and cloven the brow,
That to Mussulman tyrant would clemency show.

When the Crescent shall front thee in battle array,
And the timbrel invite to the merciless fray,
Let thy Ataghan blades, in each death-dealing blow,
Sheathe Liberty's steel in the breast of the foe.

Tho' new to thy hand is the onslaught of strife,
Yet the day-star has rose when thy harvest is rife ;
And faster thy sabres shall number the slain,
Than the husbandman's sickle can reap the full grain.

Then waken, O waken, ye sons of the shore,
Whose waves murmur “Freedom” midst Slavery's roar—
The night of thy bondage auspiciously flies,
And *Liberty's sun* bids each *freeman* arise !

REFLECTION.

“ Have you ne’er heard in music’s sound
 Some chords which o’er your heart,
 First fling a moment’s magic round,
 Then silently depart—

O such, alas! is lover’s hope,
 Encouraged only to be broke.”

“ Nor poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
 Can ever med’cine me to that sweet sleep
 Which erst, alas! I’ve known.”

I’VE seen when grey-eyed morning broke,
 And all was hush’d, and sweetly still,
 Save the young breeze that gently woke
 The slumber of some neighbouring rill.

The blithesome lark, in skyward flight,
 Carol the birth of infant day,
 Albeit tho’, the coming night
For ever hush’d the songster’s lay.

So have I *seen*, in early morn
Of life—*hope* soar on buoyant wing,
And *felt*, e'er noon, that grief's bleak storm
This wretched heart was withering.

ON VISITING WIMBLEDON

After an absence of ten years.

" I lov'd her once—I lov'd her so
That even now the merest thought
Of all that pass'd so long ago,
Has tears of fond remembrance brought."

" Why should I put the smile of pleasure on,
When she, the darling of my soul, is gone ?"

How many scenes of varied hue
Since last I bade thy green adieu,
Dear Wimbledon, have I been doom'd
To meet, as through the world I've roam'd—
I thought, when first I ventur'd forth,
That life was one wide stage of mirth,
And sigh'd with feelings fresh and strong,
To join the pleasure-sipping throng.

My boyish fancy oft would paint
Each girl sincere, each man a saint,

And pictur'd too, in colours fair,
That *both* the friend of youthhood were.
But O, experience sadly bought,
A bitter change of mind has wrought,
(Though not, dear woman, on *thy* part,
For *still* to me "sincere" thou art,)
And shown me as a noon-day truth,
Virtue alone's the friend of youth.

As in thy stately green arcade
I pause, (where erst I fondly stray'd,)
Remembrance lingers on the hours
I passed in M' ——'s fair bowers,
Where Margaret's soul-entrancing smile
And song, would oft the eve beguile,
While breathless, to her witching note,
Which on th' enamour'd breeze would float,
I've listening sat, and scarce believ'd
Such sounds could be by mortal breath'd ;
Thoughts ill attun'd to hours of glee
Would cloud the dulcet minstrelsy,
And change the bud of pleasure's bloom
To sorrow's withering leaf of gloom ;
For then, though time's maturing sun

On scarce my fifteenth year had shone,
Yet forethought had so darkly twin'd
Its tendrils round my sapling mind,
That pleasure seem'd (though strange it tell)
As earnest of some future ill ;
But little boots it thus t' array
My thoughts on scenes of by-gone day,
Let this sad truth record the rest,
By stranger was that maid possess'd,
And now the mansion *once* so dear
Is unillum'd, is lone and drear.

Adieu, dear Vista—and when oft
At distance from thy murm'ring soft,
Stern memory shall awake the tear
That consecrates our sorrows here,
Though checquer'd as my course hath been,
(In truth at best a boisterous scene,)
'Twill glad that pensive hour to turn
On thee my thoughts, and haply learn
That those I priz'd within thy shade,
Through life's turmoils have smoothly stray'd,
And O, 'twill cheer my darkest hour
To think me of my Margaret's bower.

OFFICIAL DISPATCH

From the Lord Chamberlain Onopotigammony to the Right Hon.

Billy Pitt, Prime Minister of the Sandwich Islands.

" O take me for a fellow mourner with thee !
 I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear ;
 And when the fountains of *thy* eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both."

Osborn's Hotel, Adelphi, July 10, 1824.

LAND of Sandwiches attend
 To the tristful and the true,
 For I've grisly news to send
 Of Queen Tamehamalu.
 Alas ! she is gone dead,
 And the spear no longer wields,
 But now rests her regal head
 With St. Martin-in-the-fields.*

* The church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, where the royal corse was repositied.

King Tamehamala

Is (curse the small pox) on his back,
And our friend Tournerbara,*

The trusty treasurer alack !
With Bogi bold, the governor,*

And old Jassin-be-reme,*
Will never more recover, or
Will die—what's much the same.

O Billy Pitt—O Billy Pitt,

Our Queen had you but view'd,
Be-measled o'er—*videlicet*

(As we would say) tattoo'd ;
While Sir Matthew* watch'd her pillow
With an ardour warm and true,
And being a feeling fellow,
Had a fellow-feeling too.

I repeat, had you but seen her

Ere she left us to our grief,
That your anguish had been keener

Than's allow'd to every chief ;
For you know full well my lily,*

Though she now is lying low,

* See Appendix.

That *you* alone, my Billy,
Were her state *Cecisbeo*.

There is a frightful rumour
(I giv't as it exists)
That the doctors will inhume her
Lest the resurrectionists
A "subject" make our Queen, sir,
(Think what a ruffian crew !)
And for a "stiff-un" *Burke* her
As the *body-snatchers* do.*

'Tis our royal master's wishes,
When these presents come to hand,
That you cause all plates and dishes
To be smash'd in Sandwich land ; *
And further, that you order
All his subjects, liege and true,
For to *fisticuff* each other
Till their hides are black and blue.

In conclusion—I have only
This refreshing news to tell,

* See Appendix.

That the bearer's order'd soundly
To belabour you as well,
For the King has got a notion
That sorrow's cured by blows,
So prescribes for you a potion
Of black eyes and bleeding nose.

Our monarch thinks you'd better,
When your throes of grief relax,
Write a circular *dead* letter,*
And seal it with black wax;
But pray, 'bove all, be careful
To charge our citizens
To stick with shells their hair full,
And rubify their chins.†

P. S.—I'm bound a postscript here to add,
Right honourable sir,
To prove to you how kindly sad
These John Bull people are.
Your *brother Premier* (Canning) flies
To cheer our widow'd chief,

* Vide Appendix.

† A funeral custom in prevalence among the Sandwich Islanders.

And even George the Fourth too tries
To mollify his grief.*

Memorandum—When a vessel
Can be ready got for sea,
The Queen from off her trestle
Shall be shipp'd—consign'd to thee ;
And I'll invoice her A 1 at Lloyd's
By underwriters writ,
And a bill of lading shall, besides,
Be sent to Billy Pitt.†

* Vide Morning Post.

† See Appendix.

DITHYRAMBIC.

A little claret is a dangerous go,
 Drink deep or taste not of the *Clos Vougeot*.

" Mon medecin m'a dit souvent
 Que l'abus du vin me tue,
 Et me defend absolument,
 De *toucher* une fille nue.

Faut-il renoncer au bon vin,
 A ma Brunette, à ma Blonde—
 Adieu, Monsieur, mon Medecin,
 Je pars pour un autre monde."

HASTE, give me the purple-robed goblet, whilst newly
 Its brim owns the dew left by *woman's* warm lip,
 'Twere luscious to quaff from a chalice so holy,
 Since Heav'n *by its angel*, hath hallow'd the sip.

As *seal* in devotion all mankind is fitting,
 And wine is the latch-key that opens the heart,
 Let's quickly *unlock* it, in sooth there's no witting,
 But our's may reveal the episcopal art.

Full surely we know that our *spirituous* pastors
 Regard *their* libations as orthodox sips,
 And why should not we, like our clerical masters,
 The doctrine *imbibe* with our laity lips?

Then pledge the full bowl, since the grape-juice is *sainted*,
 So deeply we'll fathom its pious contents,
 That e'en were we all with rank heresy tainted,
 We'd rise from the board—a new version of *saints*.*

No pæan or lay that is treasured in story
 Can mate with our chorus for ritual glee,
 And our grace-cup shall pass to the ever-bright glory
 Of the Hierarch who first introduc'd "three times three."

So hand me the purple robed goblet, whilst newly
 Its brim owns the dew left by *woman's* warm lip,
 'Twere luscious to quaff from a chalice so holy,
 Since Heav'n, *by its angel*, hath hallow'd the sip.

* Should Mr. Spencer P——l, M. P. be one of the bibacious party, that would of course make *one* "saint" more.

TO HARRIET B.

" Lady, as you are mine, I am yours ;
I give away myself for you,
And doat upon the exchange."

" Look what will serve is fit—say once thou lov'st,
And I will suit thee with the remedy."

You ask me—How true to my vow will I prove—
How long breathe the often-told accents of love ?
You urge me, dear girl, for an answer—and I
On the wings of obedience now haste to reply.

When the beams cease to shine of the radiant sun—
When the sand in Time's glass discontinues to run—
When the moon shall neglect wandering lovers to cheer,
I'll *then* break the vows I have made to my dear.

When roses no longer in summer shall blow—
When the sea is forgetful to ebb and to flow—

Till changes so sudden as these be decreed,
I'll love with a fervour *thou* can'st not exceed.

When the glad smile of beauty with coldness I greet—
When a kiss (*tho' in paper*) shall fail to be sweet—
When the tear of fond woman unheeded I view,
Then, then, dearest Harriet, I'll false be to you.

So long as the needle possesses the charm
The sailor to guard against shipwreck and storm—
So long will my passion be ardent and pure—
So long wilt thou shine as my bright Cynosure.

And if you'll *halve* a heart that I know is sincere,
I've got a *camp-bed* in return you shall *share*,
And *once* "sleeping partners" in *chattels* like these,
"I, M take thee N" * whensoever you please.

* Vide marriage ceremony.

COMME IL FAUT.

" Oh, I love an easie woman, there's such ado to crack a thick-shell'd mistress ; we break our teeth, and find no kernel."

" Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd,
For oft they 're cancell'd, tho' in convents made."

I LEAVE you then," young Colin said,
In anger to his Chloe ;
" I care not," sobb'd the weeping maid,
" There's more will come to woo me."

It happen'd now, young Colin soon,
A maid more kind discover'd,
Who yielded quick the sought-for boon,
That him and Chloe sever'd.

A prudent, tho' less *ardent* swain,
The nymph in grief espying,
Soon taught the girl to love again,
And chang'd to smiles her crying.

Thus *all* were pleas'd—he got a *belk*,
The maiden got a *beau*,
And this is, as it ended well,
What I call—*Comme il faut*.

L I N E S

*Written on Valentine's Day, and left upon a Young Lady's
Easel, who had been painting her own Portrait.*

TO MISS —————

"A woman! yet an angel too—
Not a spirit, but palpably in flesh."

"Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
Ere look'd so lovely on her Persian king."

SWEET limner, why essay to give,
In art's imperfect guise,
The mirror of those spells that live
Within thy magic eyes? 

Dost think this polish'd tablet, where
Thy proxy loves are given,
Can in its rivalry compare
With what's *design'd* in heaven?

Can skill to fiction's child impart
The loveliness of youth;

Or can thy many-colour'd art
Portray *unfading truth* ?

Behold, my love, the azure hue
Thou'st lent these *mimic* eyes ;
Is not the soft cerulean blue,
Th' *original* supplies !

Nor deem the roses thou hast thrown
O'er this pictorial fair,
Can mate the blooming of *thine own*,
That Hebe's blushes wear.

'Twere idle, trust me, to devise
Such glowing charms as thine,
So mock no more thy sunny eyes,
My peerless Valentine.

TO CATHERINE JOSEPHINA M——,

(On happily meeting after a tedious separation.)

—— “To be plain,
I think there’s not *half a kiss* to choose
Which loves the other best.”

“One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.”

’Tis true, my Josephina, we
Have been estrang’d a gloomy season,
And time, my girl, (at least to me,)
Has pass’d right weary for that reason.

I’ve glean’d from memory’s golden cell,
(In sweet review,) the bliss that’s over;
And fed my mind on fancy’s spell,
While future joys around would hover.

Some fleeting years have sped their round,
Since near the church at B—— we parted;
Yet truth’s bright hour-glass still has found
Your William fond and faithful-hearted.

Since then, alas ! the cup of woe
Has drench'd my lip full many a minute,
And bitter are the tears that flow
From those who sip the *dregs* within it.

Heav'n knows, *I've* quaff'd my ample share,
Of grief—and oft I've wonder'd, Kitty,
That reason triumphs o'er despair,
When misery's unblest'd by pity.

There are on life's eventful stage,
Who bask, I ween, in other's sorrow,
And when misfortune dims our page,
Nor cheer with hope affliction's morrow.

But this in truth is not the hour
To wail the past—we're now together
Once more—and why should sadness low'r
Upon the smiling brow of either.

You've said, methinks, that you could love—
Now if, my love, you'd "love and cherish,"
I'd vow your *other* half to prove,
"For *worse or better*," till I perish.

What sayest—" Wilt thou have this man
(That's me) to be thy wedded partner ?
To live by wise and holy plan"—
—" *I will*"—(the woman shall make answer.)

Agreed—and since a church 'twas *near*
We *parted*—when our troth was plighted,
What think you now, my Kitty dear,
If *in* a church—we are *united* ?

TO C. J. A.
(ON HER BIRTH DAY.)

" My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good."

" One woman is fair, yet I am well ;
Another is wise, yet I am well ;
Another virtuous, yet I am well ; but
Till all graces be in *one* woman,
One woman shall not come in *my* grace."

THIS morn Aurora scarce did meet
The messenger of day,
Ere I uprose to welcome greet
Sol's first resplendent ray ;
I musing view'd the radiant sight,
And hail'd the lustrous flood of light.

In orient pride from ocean's cave,
The God refulgent rose,
And 'neath his beam the drowsy wave
In sheeny splendour glows ;

Whilst far along the crimson'd deep
His coruscating glories sleep.

At this wrapt moment when my soul
Was steep'd in transport's tide,
Adown the velvet margin stole
A sylph with pinions pied,
Just like to whom, when wont to rove,
Might seem the feather'd god of love.

Of roseate hue—advanc'd the sprite,
While laugh'd his azure eyes
With such a warm, yet holy, light
As smiles through autumn-skies.
About him gleam'd a halo mild,
And thus outspoke the wingy child:

“ To erring man is not bequeath'd
The bloom of griefless joy,
With rapture's flowers, alas ! are wreath'd
The scions of alloy.
Scarce bud the shoots from pleasure's stem,
Ere sorrow's germs inweave with them.

“ Yet, favour’d mortal, thine the lot
Nor misery’s cup to drain,
Whose lighter evils seem forgot
In bounty’s ample reign.
Unlike thy brother earthlings, thou
Hast Heav’n enthron’d upon thy brow.

“ It seem’st as tho’ thy destiny
Unbosom’d every bliss,
What *other* worlds can yield to thee
Thou’st antepast in *this*.
Beatitudes already won,
Ere yet thy pilgrimage is run.

“ Each want, each wish, the heart may dare
In amplitude is thine,
Thou badst a long farewell to care
When plighted at *my* shrine.
The sun that lit thy bridal noon
Bespoke for thee that nuptial boon.

“ And this the day thy gentle mate
First drank the light of life,

The blest, auspicious natal date
 Of thy fond youthful wife.
 Go strike the mellow harp of joy,
 Let busy mirth thy hours employ.

“ O thine the fervid, hallow'd trust
 Of Hymen's sacred fire—
 Thy Kitty's love, thy last, thy first,
 Thy only true desire.
 And ever let her constancy
 Awake responsive truth in thee.

“ Full oft revolve the gladsome round
 Of this memorial day,
 May pledges of thy bliss abound
 On wedlock's holy spray ;
 And be each infant bud that blows
 An icon of its mother-rose.”



The strain had ceas'd and yet a while

The bloomy boy would sing,

As archly with a sunny smile

He plum'd his urchin wing,

Then soaring, cried—"Remember well

What Hymen's self has lov'd to tell."

THE CHOICE.

“ They remove the sun from the world who take away love from life.”

SHOULD I, by chance, ere be pursued
 By Fortune in some sportive mood,
 And in her net be caught,
 And she be well inclin'd to ask
 Me then to name some welcome task,
 Or one with pleasure fraught—

I'd joyously the question meet
 Of others all to me most sweet,
 The answer this, I'd give—
 “ Grant me, O Fortune, by thy power,
 Permission in lover's myrtle bower
 With Barbara to live.”

If beauty e'er illumin'd one—
If e'er refulgence deck'd the sun,
 In Barbara it glows,
Sweet sympathy her heart has tun'd
To keenly feel, tho' ne'er to wound,
 And weep at other's woes.

TO ———.

“O ! ——— canst thou make that heart
 (Which all have sought but never won)
 A false deceiving thing of art,
 Open to *all*—yet loving *none* ?

“ And dost thou only wear the smile,
 (Thy smiles can steal all hearts away,)
 The heedless gazer to beguile—
 The fond admirer to betray ?

“ And is that seeming guileless breast
 Only the tutor’d child of art,
 Where *true* affection does not rest—
 Where *real* feeling bears no part ?

“ And dost thou heave the studied sigh
 The melting, easy heart to gain ?

And is the tear-drop in thine eye
But shed to give the gazer pain?

“ No ! never be the tale believ’d,
Thy soul is not the seat of ill—
Or, if indeed, I’ve been deceiv’d,
It is so sweet—deceive me still.”

TO LAURA.

*In reply to the foregoing.**

“ For I can attend
With ravishment, to read the pleasing tale,
E'en till the roseate morn purples the east.”

“ Love on, I will requite thee ;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.”

SINCE, dearest Laura, thou hast wove
In Po'sy's loom a web of fears,
Where (as an emblem of thy love)
A chain of hope and doubt appears.

Since, lovely querist, thou dost twine,
With winning art, thy wreath of wiles,
To lure me to *confession's* shrine,
And there *absolve* me with thy smiles.

* Vide Appendix.

I'll tell nor sainted rosary,
Nor *pater noster* number o'er,
But leave to loveless devotee
To warble *ave's* by the score.

And hieing to thy stilly dell,
In tender plaint those fears remove,
Which, whilom, thou wert wont to tell
Were cradled in thy early love.

I'll spread before thy ample view
The records of a heart sincere,
Whose cherish'd *fidelity* is thy due,
A *bondage* most divinely dear.

There will be found nor "falsehood's" bane,
Nor "heartless smile" in wary guise,
Nor nurtur'd there the wily "strain,"
Nor "tutor'd thought," nor "studied sighs."

Nor shall a "tear-drop" dim the eye
Of *him* who'd rather cease to be,
Than breathe an *artificial* sigh,
Or *feign* to weep at misery.

THE SECRET !

OR

HOW TO KNOW A MARRIED WOMAN.

"The proper study of mankind is"—Woman.

"Matrimony is a golden chain, inlaid with down."

I know her, yes, I know her for a matrimonial *belle*,
 And every man with half an eye might know her just as well—
 I know that she's a-wedded, but I cannot tell you when,
 She chose her "lord and master" from out the sons of men.

I know her, on my honour, for a real spousal dame,
 And *you* may take my word for it, that "Mrs." is her name—
 I know her for a wife, in fact, I verily may say
 As well as if I'd been to church, and given her away.

I know her for a "tender rib"—(it's true, tho' you may laugh,)
 I'd know her 'mongst a thousand, for a husband's "better
 half"—

I know her for a woman that is ta'en to "bed and board"—
I know her for a benedict—I do upon my word.

I know her—(but what nonsense to thus keep "knowing" on,
Since that *she is* a wife is plain to every *knowing* one)—
I know her—(how ridiculous to argue in this way,
As if there was a doubt upon the truth of what I say).

I know her for a man's help-mate—most certainly I do,
And if *you* look, where *I* have look'd, then *you* will know it
too—

I know her—"O pray tell me, *how* you know this mystic
thing?"—

By (what the devil should it be, but by) her—*wedding ring!*

LINES

Written in a Lady's Album.

"Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs,"

YE myrtle-crown'd nymphs, who in palm groves assemble,
And 'fore whom all poets unwittingly tremble,
Who often give *soirees* on Phocian mount,
And in chorus bucolic at even-tide chant ;
Methinks 'tis Parnassus, that fam'd hill of rhyme,
Where in conclave poetic are gather'd "the Nine,"
And from whose lyric synod a precept must spring,
Ere even poor Caleb's empower'd to sing.

To thee then in numbers unskilful and wild,
(The language, alas ! of adversity's child,)
For pardon in thus from Castalia sipping
The dew of the stream that for poets is fitting,
Sues the humblest of minstrels, that e'er, in thy grove,
Cull'd the blossoms of friendship, or flowrets of love,

Whose harp in its fervent outpourings has rung
For the faithful and kind—for the lovely was strung ;
And whose muse ne'er gave birth to a couplet or strain
That to being on earth was the offspring of pain.

To thee then, sweet girls of the Rhythmical sphere—
(Who I love the *next* best to our goddesses here,)
To thee as a liegeman of Po'sy I bend,
And invoke thy bright smiles in the cause of a friend.
A favourite of thine, and thy children of verse,
Has bidden thy son a few lines to rehearse
In what *we* call an album—(or, as you would say
In *your* flow'ry language—a written *bouquet*,)
But it grieves me, I own, to inscribe on its sheets,
For 'tis mixing a weed with a nosegay of sweets.

In tenderness, therefore, ye Muses, look down,
And the cause of thy bard, make a cause of thine own :
Let the leaves of this book, like the leaves of the rose,
The more beauties unbosom, the more they uncloze ;
Let its pages be sacred to friendship and truth,
And while charming the ear, “ point the moral ” for youth ;
And O, *above all*, yield this boon to my sighs—
Let it hymn *dearest woman's* fond praise to the skies.

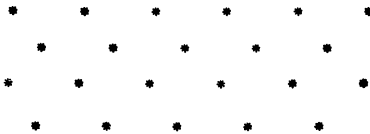
THE MINSTREL'S DEATH-LAY.

"There's a cure for every thing but a broken heart."

"It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love."

Lay me beneath the orange tree,
Whose flow'rs for brides *alone* may bloom,
That beauty's foot may tempted be
To lightly press on Caleb's tomb.

LAND of Ausonia's by-gone brave,
With pious step thy fields I tread ;
Since thou art but one mighty grave,
Where take their sleep, thy warrior-dead.



With faded eye and paly cheek,
For warmer lands I left mine own ;
In sunny Italy to seek
The health I might not find at home.

But what avails the Leech's * art—
The tepid breeze or balmy air ;
If grief instructs the wanderer's heart
To talk the language of despair.

* * * * *

This world's a dreary waste—a wild
Through which we struggle for a span,
Our woes begin while yet a child,
And end—but with the life of man.

For *me*, at least, there seems to be
No waking joys—no slumbers light,
By day my spirit's lost to glee,
And sleep deserts my couch at night.

* By happy coincidence, the name of a truly inestimable family at Rome, a member of which was my *ami de voyage* from Paris to the Eternal City. Their friendship I was most kindly permitted to earn, and hope *but with life* to relinquish.

Where'er I roam—where'er I rest,
Still hotly gush my tearful eyes,
When sorrow's springs are in the breast
The deluge of the heart will rise.



Fair Italy, in sooth thou hast
A witching spell beneath thy sky,
That 'minds one of the blissful past,
And whispers *peace* to them that die.

The pilgrim-man who journies hence
To his last bourne, is pleas'd to find
E'en *phantom* streams of pleasure, whence
To slake the thirstings of his mind.

And thou *hast* lent thy choicest stores
To cheat my fluttering soul awhile,
With lightsome tread have wing'd my hours,
And *almost* learnt my heart to smile.

O I've watch'd thy fountains oft,
 Jetting their silver flood on high,
As though the lofty waters thought
 Their spray could reach the azure sky.

And I have mark'd, by Cynthia's beam,
 Thy purple wave in slumber rest,
Or if it swell'd, 'twas but to seem
 Like sleeping beauty's heaving breast.

And there's a lonely cypress tree
 Anear to ROMA's olden towers,
Beneath whose leafy canopy
 I've whil'd away my pensive hours.

For still I'm left an aching joy,
 Which nought can rob me of but *death*,
I lov'd (in *thought*) when e'en a boy,
 And love shall have my *latest* breath.

In myrtle plain—on craggy brink—
 'Neath howling blast, or zephyr-sighs—
By day—by night, 'tis mine to think
 Of HER—I wildly idolize.



By Tiber's wan and pine-clad side
Full oft at midnight-hour I stray,
And view its dim and drowsy tide
Travel its quiet seaward-way.

And then I sadly think, no more
Shall I, like it, my course pursue
Towards that chalky-crested shore,
Where dwell the lovely and the true.

'Tis at such stilly hours as this
That they who live within my soul
Come forth, and talk to me of bliss,
Which erst in happier times we stole.

O memory ! thou'rt a tyrant power—
A healing balm, or bitter draught,
That lulls to rest our palest hour,
Or *doubly* barbs the venom-shaft.

And yet, in truth, I chide thee not,
So *still* with me, dear memory, stay,

And bring me many a gentle thought
Of yonder isle-home, far away.

Within my glass are number'd grain,
Which time delights to reckon fast,
Nor ought I truly to complain,
Since *every hour's* a soldier's last.

'Tis true my sands have fleetly run,
Albeit my veins have early blood,
With *me* the ebb of life's begun
Before the tide has reach'd its flood.

But hush'd for e'er this idle lay,
It looks too like a trembler's throe—
So far from cowering at the day,
I'll bare my bosom to the blow.

* * * * *

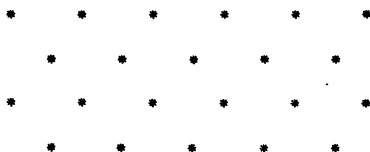
Come hither, then, my lone guitar,
Ere yet thy master's hand be cold,

And tell to me, of her afar,
The tender truth thou oft hast told.

Tell me of those who've swiftly fled
From this dark world of guile and pain,
And while thy tale is of the dead,
Breathe out thy meekest, holiest strain.

Tell me of many a day of soul—
Of many a night of mirth and whim,
When pleasure swam within my bowl,
And beauty's lip bedew'd the brim.

Tell me of joys too quickly flown—
Joys which I ne'er again shall prove—
Tell me of friendships past and gone,
But tell me most of woman's love.



Hush, hush ! thou dear, thou glowing wire,
I cannot bear thy mad'ning strain,
Thou lightest up so fierce a fire,
I *must* not hear thee throb again.

THE ALTERNATIVE.
ON MARRYING LITTLE MISS BRIDGET LITTLE,
HER SISTER RUTH BEING INCONVENIENTLY LONG.

“ No ! the world must be peopled—
 When I said I would die a bachelor
 I did not think I should live till I were married.”

“ Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing.”

Miss Bridget is *extremely short*,
 Miss Ruth *extremely tall*,
 It thus behoves me well to think
 Which one “ my wife ” I’ll call.

Miss Bridget is (without her shoes)
 Three feet, the standard by,
 Miss Ruth admeasures, (with them on,)
 Alas ! four cubits high.

'Tis true that we are somewhere told,
In scripture prose or song—
“Man wants but *little* here below,
Nor wants that little *long*.”

Now, how the deuce the prophet knew
That *I* should ever want
Miss Little—is a parable
T' expound to you I can't.

And stranger still, how he could tell.
Amongst the various sort
Of *big*s and *little*s—whether I
Should want her *long* or *short*.

But never mind—since wed I *must*,
And keep the bridal feast,
At all events, I'd better, of
“Two evils, choose the *least*.”

WRITTEN IN THE "IVY BOWER,"

At the Sand Rock Hotel, Niton, Isle of Wight.

" Night is the time to weep,
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those groves of memory, where sleep
 The joys of other years.
 Hopes that were angels in their birth,
 But perish'd young, like things of earth."

'Tis calm—and the sea, in a silver repose,
 Is lull'd to its evening's rest,
 While the lady of night her pale loveliness throws
 O'er the barque that reclines on its breast.

So calm be the life-sleep ordain'd for the few
 That slumber in memory's bed,
 And bright and serene be their heaven-ward view,
 As the white moon that sails overhead.

NO QUIERO CASARME.*

No, no, no, no, no quiero casarme

Que es mejor, que es mejor ser soltero

Y siempre placentero

Del mundo del mundo gozar.

Mujeres mujeres constantes

Se encuentran, se encuentran mui pocas

Y algunas que locas

La suelen, la suelen pegar.

No, no, no, no, no quiero casarme, &c.

Amantes, amantes constantes

Se encuentran, se encuentran mui pocas

Y algunas que otras

La suelen, la suelen pegar.

No, no, no, no, no quiero casarme, &c.

* See note in Appendix

Se fingen, se fingen rendidas

Se ostentan, se ostentan afables

Y se hacen amables

Por solo, por solo enganar

No, no, no, no, no quiero casarme, &c.

THE RECANTATION.*

Being MY English version of the preceding Spanish canción.

"Wanted—a good husband."—*American Advertisement.*

"**BEATRICE.** Good lord for an alliance !—thus goes every one in the world—but I am sun-burnt ; I may sit in a corner and cry—'helgh-ho, for a husband !'

PEDRO. Lady Beatrice, I will get thee one.

BEATRICE. I would rather have one of thy father's getting ; hath your grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

PEDRO. Wilt have me, lady ?

BEATRICE. No, my lord ; unless I might have another for working days ; your grace is too costly to wear every day."

No indeed, no indeed, I won't marry,

" Good husbands" are not *a-la-mode*,

So 'tis better a vestal to tarry,

Than wed, and no longer be woo'd.

You men are a race of deceivers,

And mock us poor daughters of Eve,

* Is being arranged as a song.

Whilst women, weak, silly believers
Are left in their fondness to grieve.
No indeed, no indeed, I won't marry,
"Good husbands" are not *a-la-mode*,
So 'tis better a vestal to tarry,
Than—wed and no longer be woo'd.

Yet ne'er has the sunshine of gladness
Beam'd bliss on the heart that's untrue.
Or that's caus'd, in the twilight of sadness,

A tear beauty's cheek to bedew.
No indeed, no indeed, I won't marry,
"Good husbands" are not *a-la-mode*,
So 'tis better a vestal to tarry,
Than wed, and no longer be woo'd.

But should Hymen vouchsafe a *true lover*,
(Supposing there *is* such a thing,)
Why *then*—on the word of a spinster,
I'd joy from that moment to sing—
Yes indeed, *yes* indeed, I *will* marry,
Now a *real* "good husband" has sued,
So no longer a vestal I'll tarry,
But wed, and, O sweetly be woo'd.

THE ROSE OF BRAGANCA.

“ What has been may be,
And *will* be again.”

“ Where hope comes not
Is hell ! ”

THOU'RT welcome, young queen, to this isle of the sea,
Where the banner of Brunswick is proudly unfurl'd—
Thou'rt welcome to England, the home of the *free*—
Thou'rt welcome to England, the home of the world.
We bid thee our welcome, o'er hill, and thro' vale—
Queen Donna Maria da Gloria, hail !

Thou hast flown to the land where the bondsman no more
Hears the task-word of slavery knell on his ear,
Thou hast printed thy foot upon LIBERTY'S shore,
And the hour of *thy* country's glad freedom is near.
We bid thee our welcome, o'er hill, and thro' vale—
Queen Donna Maria da Gloria, hail !

Yes! the hour is at hand, when the *despot* shall kneel

At the shrine of that altar he's dared to profane,

Or the hour is at hand when that *despot* shall feel

That the throne of usurpers is guarded in vain.

We bid thee our welcome, o'er hill, and thro' vale—

Queen Donna Maria da Gloria, hail!

Though dark are the clouds that o'er cast thy fair skies,

Yet haply the midnight of anarchy's past.

And the warm sun of peace at *thy* bidding shall rise

To brightly illumine Lusitania at last.

We bid thee our welcome, o'er hill, and thro' vale—

Queen Donna Maria da Gloria, hail!

Then cheer thee, thou royal young guest of our isle,

And smilingly banish the tear from thine eye,

The true men of Albion surround thee the while,

And the Rose of Bragança's proud triumph is nigh.

We bid thee our welcome, o'er hill, and thro' vale—

Queen Donna Maria da Gloria, hail!

LA CACHUCHA.*

Mi Cachucha en alta mar
 Con todos vientos camina
 Nunca hace mejor viage
 Que quando va de bolina
 Vamonos China del alma
 Vamonos á Zambullir
 Y despues de Zambullidos
 Nos iremos a dormir—Vamonos.

Quando mi Cachucha siente
 El manejo del timon
 Hace subir á cubierta
 Todo la tripulacion
 Vamonos China del alma
 Vamonos a Porto Bello
 Tu las meneas serrana
 Pero yo que las entiendo.

* See note in Appendix.

Mi Cachucha y tu Xebeque
Se encontraran en el mar
Y apenas se devisaron
Se hicieron salva real
 Vamonos China del alma
 Vamonos a Portugal,
 Que para pasar trabajos
 Lo mismo es aca que alla.

THE SILVER MANDOLINE.*

(*La Cachucha.*)

"If that thou lov'st me,
Steal forth this balmy night."

"Every day deferr'd to dying lovers,
Is an age of pain."

O SEE, my love, pale Phœbe's car
Speeds brightly on its azure way—
One hour of moonlight's sweeter far
Than ages of the tell-tale day.
Haste, then, to our leafy shrine,
Whilst the night is all our own,
Hearts that beat like yours and mine
Ne'er were meant to throb *alone*.

O waste not moments such as these,
When thoughts are fond, and souls are true,

* Is being arranged as a song.

Give, give thy lip unto the breeze,
And drink the sighs I waft to you.
Haste, then, to our leafy shrine,
Whilst the night is all our own,
Hearts that beat like yours and mine
Ne'er were meant to throb *alone*.

Then quickly come, since Dian's beam
Is kissing every fruit and flower—
O, with thy silver mandoline,
Come quickly to the orange bower.
Haste, then, to our leafy shrine,
Whilst the night is all our own,
Hearts that beat like yours and mine
Ne'er were meant to throb *alone*.

"Remember that adultery, though it be a silent sin, yet it is a crying sin also; nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he *will* die unless you pity him, to save a man's life is a point of charity, and *deeds of charity* do alleviate, as I may say, and take off from the mortality of the sin."

FATHER DOMINICK.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

TALK not to me of Sage's rules,
 I hate your "sapient hogs,"*
 Give wisdom to the pedant fools,
 And—"physic to the dogs."

Bid lawyers seek forensic lore
 In folio's polemic,
 And *alma mater* gownsmen pour
 O'er quartos evangelic.

* I beg, most respectfully and distinctly, to except "*sapient Toby*," the learned pig, (no doubt one of the BACON family,) for whom I have an especial veneration. I merely allude, in the above stanza, to *biped* hogs.

Poor Hellenist I wot am I,
Much poorer Algebraist,
No pundit at Latinity—
No pedagogue Hebraist.

No Sanscrit rudiments I know,
Nor elements teutonick,
No Chaldee accidents I trow,
Nor prosody Sclavonic.

Let “learned Thebans” boast the skill
Dead languages are giving,
Whilst *woman’s eyes* can *speak* her will,
Give *me*, ye gods, the *living*.

THE ROSY TUSCAN GRAPE.*

(Written in the bewitching Val D'Arno.)

"For O! the song, the cup, the kiss,
Can make the night divine,
Then blest is he who owns the bliss,
Of song, and love, and wine."

HERE's to the rosy Tuscan grape,
Pride of Italia's sunny land,
Long may its purple clusters make
Such nectar as we now command.
This be our song, till Phœbus wake—
"Here's to the rosy Tuscan grape."

Here's to the Vale † whose pride it is
To rear the golden orange grove,

* Is being arranged as a glee.

† Val D'Arno.

That fond and fair, in shady bliss,
May teach and learn the way to love.
This be our song, till Phœbus wake—
“ Here’s to the rosy Tuscan grape.”

Here’s to the ladie-lip that joys
To slake the thirst of summer-noon
With blushing wine-cup, whilst she toys
Beneath the fragrant citron-bloom.
This be our song, till Phœbus wake—
“ Here’s to the rosy Tuscan grape.”

Land of the goblet, once ’twas thine
To bid thy ruby juices flow
For ROMA’s chiefs, and with thy vine
To lay old *Tiber’s* sages low.
This be our song till Phœbus wake—
“ Here’s to the rosy Tuscan grape.”

Land of the dark and *wistful* eye,
Beneath whose bright and ripening sun
Ascends the warm and melting sigh
Of dearest woman, early won.
List to our song, till Phœbus wake—
“ Here’s to the rosy Tuscan grape.”

And now, O now, I'm *sure* ye will

Bid Beauty claim a bumper toast,

With *hand on heart*, let each man fill

To her he loves to kiss the most.

Whilst *this* our song till Phœbus wake—

“ Dear woman and the Tuscan grape.”

POLISH EPINICION.

HARK to our cannon's thundering roar—

Hark to the brazen trumpet-blast—

Hark to the war-shouts mingling o'er

The dying as they strike their last.

On to the crimson strife, ye brave—

On to the struggle, *hand to hand*—

Now is the time to nobly save,

Or perish for, our parent-land.

This be our sacred battle-cry—

“Death or dear Poland's liberty!”

Sons of the free—(who erst have bled

Like us on this red slaughter-field,)

Children of the immortal dead,

Can we to slavery ever yield?

No ! by the fame of those who strove
 And died to gain our country's right—
 No ! by the hope of woman's love
 We'll fall, or win the coming fight.
 This be our sacred battle-cry—
 " Death or dear Poland's liberty."

• • • • • •
 • • • • • •

A moment's pause—the signal gun !
 Up to the shock, ye Polish brave,
 And, ere the setting of yon sun,
 We'll rest us on our foeman's grave.
 They come, they come—the crash is o'er,
 The Muscovite is slain or flown,
 The northern Eagle soars no more,
 'The well-won victor-plain's our own.
Still, still, be this our battle-cry—
 " Death or dear Poland's victory."

Iü Pæn—now let us sing
 Our hymn of praise for victory—
Iü triumphe—thou, O King,
 And God of Hosts, we kneel to thee.

On this carnage-ground we kneel,

Listen to Sarmatia's breath,

Deign to bless our patriot steel,

Free us, Lord, or give us death!

Then *still* be this our battle-cry—

“Death or dear Poland's liberty!”

THE MATRIMONIAL IRIS.

"There are arts to reclaim the wildest men, as there are arts to make spani
 fetch and carry—chide 'em often, and feed 'em seldom."

"Silence is the perfect herald of joy ;—I were
 But little happy if I could say how much."

No, no, dearest Mira, it never was meant
 The frown of dear woman to *cause* or allow ;
 It ne'er was design'd, when to *us* she was sent,
 That sorrow or anger should ruffle her brow.

Transplanted from heaven—*her own* native skies,
 She came, *as an angel*, to consecrate man,
 And the fire that celestially beams in her eyes
 First lit the love-flame that in Eden began.

O yes ! twas ordain'd that dear woman should be
 To man, in his darkness, the sun of delight—
 To *rise* from his bosom—the Goddess of day,
 And *set* in his arms—the Enchantress of night.



What's vex'd thee, my love, that thy ripe rosy lip
Should pout, as 'twere suing, in truth, for a kiss?
Some amorous bee has, I fear, been to sip
Its sweets, and has stung thee while mad with the bliss.

Then a tear, *now* a smile—'tis the type of our loves—
A shower and sunshine that mingle together
And I swear, by dear Venus, her swans, and her doves,
That it looks like the rainbow of honey-moon weather.

So *you* be the shower—*I'll* be the sunshine,
Or *you* be the sunshine—and I'll be the shower,
It matters not which—if you'll tell me you're mine,
And we'll "mingle" them, dear, to the best of our
power.

THE PORTRAIT.

"The dial of her heart has lost the sun
That told its happy hours."

"Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart—
'Tis woman's whole existence."

'Tis *her*—a veil of grief is flung
Over her faded form,
O that a heart so true and young
Should feed the canker-worm.
Time was when mirth and joy were lent
To light that faded eye
Which *now*, alas ! on earth is bent
In tearful agony.

The page of her sweet cheek is white,
(The livery of care,)
As if 'twas blanch'd for Death to write
His pale commandments there.

And yet, at times, the rose will blow
 (As flowers bedeck the tomb)
Upon that lily cheek, as though
 She blush'd—to *die so soon*.

O God ! it is a piteous thing
 To see the damask hue
On woman's cheek, lie withering,
 And blighted to the view.
And look but on that brow so fair—
 That brow so coldly bright,
And ye might image that she were
 Born in the wan moonlight.

And where is *HE*—her pillow-mate—
 The idol of her dream—
The wildly-cherish'd one, who late
 Drank at enjoyment's stream ?
Where, where is *he*, to watch beside
 The beauty-wreck of youth,
While death betroths *his* plighted bride,
 The truster in *his* truth ?

Yes ! where is *he*, the tempter-one—
 The spoiler of her rest—

The lover-bee that's feasted on
 The honey of her breast?
 O *even now*, in life's sun-set,
 If *still* the truant love—
 If *still* he come—the vulture yet
 May save the wounded dove.

* * * * *

He comes, he comes, the penitent,
 He comes in time to save—
 He comes, he comes, by mercy sent
 To win her from the grave!
 She *shall not* be the bride of death
 Tho' *he* her wreath had twin'd,
 For Heaven's approving eye beneath
 Their hearts and hands are join'd.

THE LOVER-NURSE.

“ Sleep, seal those pretty eyes,
And tie thy senses in as soft a band
As infants void of thought.”

“ There is a flow’r,
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make a man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that they see.”

I’LL sing thee, my love, a wild lullaby song,
And hush thee to rest, now the star-lights are young,
Those *star-lights* that never would pave the blue skies
While *brighter* ones shine in thy *still bluer* eyes.

Yes ! softly I’ll lull thee to slumber, my love,
And coo thee asleep like a new-mated dove,
That, fluttering far for a *beautiful* nest,
Had furl’d his light wings in the vale of thy breast.

There—*now* thou art cradled within my close arms,
And fondly I bend o'er thy ripening charms,
Sleep, sleep thee, my girl, and the nightingale's lays
Shall echo the song which I breathe in thy praise.

* * * * *

O Heaven ! how placid and deep's thy repose,
That sigh would not quiver the leaves of a rose ;
Whilst o'er thy young cheek steals so crimson a blush,
That I *feel* it reflects on my own the same flush.

Thou dreamest—and mark ! 'tis of pleasure the while,
For I read its warm light in that tale-telling smile,
And in the faint murmur that dies on mine ear,
I catch the soft sounds—" Would my lover were here."

Sweet dreamer, I joy that no secret you keep,
Since 'tis rumour'd, "*we mean what we say in our sleep,*"
And if Morpheus will take from *those* eye-lids his spell
These lips shall explain what no language can tell.

Yes ! eyes like to thine should not *too long* be hid
Beneath the dark fringe of a light silken lid ;
Thus, I kiss thee awake—for remember, I pray,
That we're children, (in heart,) so 'tis time we should play.

WRITTEN UNDER THE SYCAMORE TREE

At the Sand Rock Hotel, Niton, Isle of Wight.

" A poet much too poor to live,
 Too poor in this rich world to rove,
 Too poor for aught but verse to give,
 But not, *thank God*, too poor to love."

" Sans les femmes, les deux extrémités de la vie seroient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisir."

THERE are few who have wander'd more widely than I
 In this planet of pleasure and pain,
 And few, *very few*, who would venture a sigh
 To pilgrim it over again.
 But tho' I have met, in the pathway of life,
 With what the world " miseries " call,
 Yet LOVE, (that Nepenthe for sorrow and strife,)
 LOVE, LOVE, has aton'd for them all.

Yes ! far I have roam'd, and o'er many a tide
 Have tasted the poet's wild bliss

'Midst scenes of enchantment, but never yet sigh'd
In a lovelier Eden than this.
Here, bower'd in stillness, pavilion'd in sweets,
I bend an idolater's knee,
And woman, O Heaven, 'tis woman that greets
The vows of her *true* devotee.

Not Araby's vales, nor the cinnamon hills
Outscent this sweet garden's perfumes,
Nor a flower that in Tempe its fragrance distills,
But in *this* little Paradise blooms.
And roses blush *here*, while they're weeping their dew,
The drops blending one with the other
As lovers, long parted, when fondling anew,
Will mingle their joy-tears together.

While I pillow my head on this Sycamore tree,
My thoughts rush o'er yonder blue main
To sunny Iberia, and bright Italy,
And to those I may ne'er clasp again.
Dear lands, ever bless'd, 'twas the fond of thy clime
Who taught me at eve, when we met,
The chords of thy pensive *guitarra* to chime,
And to rattle thy gay castinet.

Sweet souls, ye are prison'd within my warm heart,
 (And a warmer ye *never* will meet,)
 Where, lock'd in its core-cells, all captive thou art,
 'Till its pulses no longer shall beat.
 And trust me, *tho' absent*, at vesper-tide dim,
 A prayer for thy bliss shall arise,
 Pure, fervid and deep, from the song-lip of him
 Who was sun'd in thy dark, loving eyes.

THE TROUBADOUR-LOVER.

TO ———.

“ Dost thou remember, love,
Those gentle moonlights, when my fond guitar
Was regular as convent vesper hymn?
Beneath thy lattice ? ”

A quiquonque les entendra.

O I could sing thee such a song
As sure would win thy virgin truth,
Such a warm strain as might belong
To Ovid's sultry lyre in sooth,
Or such a song as Sappho sung
When on her breast her Phaon hung.

I'd sing to thee of anxious days—
Though anxious, yet intensely dear,
And tune my lip to tender lays,
As incense for thy thirsty ear—
Lays such as lovers faintly sing
By moonlight, to Æolia's string.

I'd sing to thee of lovesome nights,
When urchin Cupid reigns supreme,
And, with his playful pinion, writes
Dear woman's sweetly-pleasing dream—
Though woman's gentle soul, I wis,
Waking or sleeping, *dreams* of bliss.

I'd sing to thee in glowing rhyme,
As wildly throb'd my fond guitar,
And with its plaintive, silvery chime,
I'd mingle tales of love and war—
The while my blue and tearful eye
Told thee my heart's idolatry.

I'd sing to thee, in twilight shade,
Of Hero and Leander's truth,
And thou should be *my* Sestos maid,
And I, *thine own* Abydos youth—
And much, O deeply much, I err,
If thou wert not *more* bless'd than her.

I'd sing of all the lover-twain,
That bloom in story and in song,

And fitly to complete the chain

I'd weave ourselves the rest among—

Making the rosy link a kiss

That join'd us to those pairs of bliss.

I'd sing to thee of many things

That lend a spell to courtship's hour,

When fancy plumes her rainbow wings,

And flies to rapture's sunny bower—

Of *many* things, I'd sing to thee,

That best befit soft minstrelsie.

I'd sing to thee of every charm

That Hymen spreads his lure beneath

With holy transport those to warm

Who wear his bloomy nuptial-wreath ;

And THEN, the bridal bliss to prove,

I'd tremblingly implore thee love !

THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

" I argue thus, the world agrees
That he writes well, who writes with ease,
Then he, by sequel logical,
Writes best who never thinks at all."

THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

CANTO I.

“That man’s an ass who strives by force or skill,
 To stem the torrent of a woman’s will;
 For if she will—*she will*—you may depend on’t,
 And if she won’t—*she won’t*—and there’s an end on’t.”

O I tell a tale of wonder,
 And I tell a tale of awe,
 And I tell a tale shall load the gale
 From “Dan to Beersheba;”
 For by fate I am elected
 To disclose a miracle,
 Ah well-a-day! no truer lay
 To minstrel ever fell.

* * * * *

I ween, in merry England
 Right many folk there be,

King's lieges true, who've been to view

Brighthelmstone on the sea.

And few, I wot, have seen it,

Its chain-pier, and such like,

But in a fly have been to eye

The neighbouring "Devil's Dyke!"

This "Devil's Dyke," beshrew it,

Is the carol of my muse,

And I needn't tell, she couldn't well

A *deeper* subject choose:

Gramercy! how I tremble,

As she flaps her raven wing,

Oddzooks I see, she's off by G—,

Attend—and I will sing.

* * * * *

There liv'd, in Pepper Alley,

A Burgher, plaguy rich,*

A Knight was he, and Deputy

Of Tower Hill, and Ditch;

He was a Hamlet's † "Worship,"

And, in short, no other than

* A nummary superlative.

† Tower Hamlets.

What Counsel call, in Common Hall,
A Common-Council-man.

But zounds, it ill beseems me
Thus to gallop out of breath,
It were not meet, for simple gleeke
To spur his muse to death !
My Burgess too is waiting
For a patronymic right,
And a good one's his, so here it is—
“ Sir Toby Whitebait—Knight.”

Thus having *ex officio*,
With all due *formulæ*,
(Which poets use to introduce
Their friends, like prose M. C.)
My hero nam'd—I'll quickly
Sound Orpheus's alarum,
The Muse's joy, and eke *Arbi-*
ter Elegantiarum.

(Excuse, I pray, dear Madam—
Or if a *he*, dear Sir—

The ugly hitch, in last line which
Doth lucklessly occur ;
But Hudibrastic rhythm
We're forc'd to filch at times—
Prometheus stole from Heav'n a coal,
Then why mayn't we steal rhymes ?)

“ Sir Toby,” gentle reader,
Was enroll'd in wedlock's list,
So we clearly see, at least, that he
Was no Misogamist.
I trow 'tis twenty summers
Since the marriage-making torch
Made *one* of him and Deborah Slim.
In Ratcliffe Highway Church.

There runs a Southwark legend,
That Deb'rah in her teens
Had such an eye, as might outvie
The three Mount Ida Queens.
And none within the Boro'
Had more of mansuetude,
While half the Cits had lost their wits
Through her vast pulchritude.

There is an Archaism
 Comes opportune to me—
 That “earthly joy, without alloy,
 Is not the lot of we.”*
 And grievously I omen
 That its truth will soon appear,
 As further on, can plain be shone,
 Now list, and ye shall hear.
 “Sir Toby,” I’ve just written,
 Being a friend to *social strife*,
 A buxom maid, no ways afraid,
 He made from maid—a wife;
 And, like a tender Paris,
 He bore his Helen true,
 (By Brentford stage,) to sweetly wage
 Love’s Paphian fight at Kew.†

* Considered philologically, I apprehend I am justified in admitting that the oblique case *us*, would have been a more scholar-like and canorous reading, than the pronoun *we*; but what was to be done? I was fearfully distressed for a rhyme, and therefore had to sacrifice the “nice rules of composition” to the imperative necessity of my Muse.

†I do not mean to dogmatise that Paris, on his abduction of Helen, “bore” her to Kew, however equivocally the text may be worded; since Mr. Homer, a very respectable Greek gentleman, though a poet, and quite as good an authority, I should say, as myself, appears to be of entirely an opposite way of thinking.

All poets and all lovers
 Sigh, and sing of honeymoons
 As the month of bliss, when Venus is
 Most lavish of her boons ;
 We'll therefore take for granted
 They were happy like the rest
 Of folk new wed, who go to bed
 Resolv'd to do their *best*.^{*}

Ah me ! how oft we labour,
 Whilst no fruits our labour yields,
 We dig and weed, and sow our seed,
 Alas ! in barren fields :
 And sorely I bemoan it,
 That the parable is like
 Unto the maid, who nightly laid
 With Toby Whitebait, Knight.

Full twenty years they bedded
 (As I have said or sung)

* I must do myself the justice of saying (fearful lest it might escape the lynx-eyed optics of the critic) that I plume myself not a little upon this didactic form of speech, (" Resolved to do their best,") since it must be evident to the classic, as well as the reflective mind, that my thus speaking in the *superlative sense* is intended to convey an ethical monition to all Honey-mooners, to *assert themselves to their utmost* in the charming domestic duties of the Hymeneal state.

As man and wife—their only strife
 Was 'cause they had *no young*.
 And Deb'rah would be peevish,
 And chide her childless mate.
 Till grievously lamented he
 Her unprolific state.

Oft times when Debby's choler
 Has chaf'd him to the core,
 He's rais'd on high a stentor cry,
 And by his breeches swore *
 That divers inuendoes
 Put forth by Mrs. Deb,
 Her ill did suit, for that "the boot
 Was on the other leg." †

'Tis said that once Sir Toby
 Was quite determin'd to
 At any rate repudiate
 His unproductive shrew ;

* "By my breeches,"—one of Sir Toby's favourite imprecatory figures of speech.

† A popular colloquialism, involving a transfer of any accusation, from the accused to the accuser.

Nor was he mov'd, moreover,
By chill Misogyny,
But just to try if good would lie
In Deuterogamy.

One night he dreamt, however,
"Twould circulate her blood,
And do her good, if once she could
Be properly Shampoo'd.
So hied they straight to Brighton,
To try Sake Deen * they say,
But no *shampoo* or *realpoo*
Evinc'd the "fam'ly way."

He afterwards bethought him
A bracing change of air
Might, even yet, mayhap beget
An offspring, as it were ;
"For," said the Knight, "it cannot
Be an adulterous sin,
Since spouses Dutch, we know have much
To thank the Sooterkin."†

* Sake Deen Mahomed, the celebrated Indian Shampooing Surgeon.

† Vide Walker's Dictionary.

She freely drank, of one and all
 Our Spa's salsuginous
 And did imbibe, as well beside
 The spring's ferruginous ;
 At Harrowgate and Cheltenham—
 At Bath and Tunbridge Wells—
 At Matlock Rills, and Malvern Hills,
 She tried the aqueous spells.*

Not English waters only
 Were quaff'd by Toby's bride,
 By that is meant, the Continent—
 Al fluids she had tried—
 The Pyrmont—Geilnau—Seltzer—
 The Pullna—Spa—Carlsbad—
 The Egerlitz and Auschowitz—
 The Ems and Marienbad.

But still no shoot or scion
 Did bud to cheer our Knight,

* *Why* Lady Whitebait had not recourse to the Bristol Hot Wells in her peculiar dilemma, I am quite at a loss to conjecture, since those waters are so notoriously proverbial for their Malthusian properties—in evidence of which, I presume, I need not adduce stronger proof, than the (somewhat alarming) fact of their having most mysteriously alter'd the shape "below the zone" of even *single* ladies, who had incontinently coquetted with them.

The mother-tree appeared to be,

Alas ! past bearing quite.

And as we ponder over

This and Dendrology,

The more is seen, the link between

Us and Phytology.

Albeit he would cherish

The partner of his bed,

And did caress, tho' infantless,

The matron he had wed ;

While still a prayer he'd whisper—

(Which fate did soon accord,)

“ In that state she might one day be

All wish—who love their lord.”

A thought has struck—he summon'd

A Pharmacopolist,

Who heard him through, then bade him to

Turn Ichthyophagist.

And spake the man of physio—

“ One of Obstetric us

Your wife will need, if dieted

On food piscivorous.”

This welcome news Sir Toby

To his pining spouse did bear,

And joyously consented she

To try the finny fare :

“ I long for cod already,”

Cried the dame, “ and let some skate

Fill up the dish, I'll live on fish

Till I've a young ‘ Whitebait.’ ”

And *more* than that, henceforward

I'll leave Aquarius,

And Virgo, Taurus, Gemini,

And Sagittarius,

With Leo, Cancer, Libra, yes,

And Capricornus thine—

And Scorpia and Aries too,

And stick to *Pisce's* sign.

“ Ye gods and and little fishes,”

It were idle to describe

The havoc great, that Deb. did make

Among the scaly tribe ;

Nor in her thirst for breeding

Did she to *one* sort keep,

But great and small, she swallow'd all
The tenants of the deep.

The turbot—haddock—brill and sole,
The whiting—flounder—plaice,
The silver eel, and salmon peel,
The gudgeon, roach, and dace,
The carp, the tench, the mullet—bleak—
Perch—gurnet—sprat, and grig,
With many a cut of halibut,
She eat—to make her big.

[Don't blush, my lovely readers,
At the final word above
In Nares it's seen, as well as in
The lexicon of love ;
Besides, I do assure ye,
I tried till I was faint,
But couldn't find, to suit my mind
Aught else that means—*encontros*.

Nor was this nomenclature
The only regimen

Which she did take to procreate,
As we anon shall ken ;
Enow methinks were eaten
From out the liquid field,
(Testaceous and crustaceous,)
A dozen brats to yield.
To wit—the native oyster,
The muscle, prawn and shrimp,
The cockle stew, and lobster too,
The crab and perewink :
The crayfish and escalop,
With limpets from the rock,
Were, noon and night, her sole delight,
In hopes of bearing stock.
Nor can my half-pay *Musæ*
Pay half an ample lay
To her whose brains, for “labour pains”
Were busied night and day,
My Palfrey too, God bless ye,
Can't go beyond a trot,
For he is not a Polyglot,
Like great Sir Walter S—tt.

My Pegasus, good reader,
 Though he's amphibious,
 Can't scale a cliff, like Hippogriff,
 Or Hippopotamus;
 Besides, when 'tis remember'd
 We're short of Horse's lakes,*
 My four-foot muse, in doggrel shoes,
 Has done I think—*great shakes*.†

But hark ! I hear Sir Toby,
 With accents of despair,
 And upturn'd eyes, invoke the skies
 For his long-promis'd heir—
 " My wife," quoth he, " tho' fatten'd
 On squamous genera,
 Won't fructify—it's all my eye
 'Bout fish, *et cetera* ! "

The Knight was vex'd in spirit,
 While pour'd he forth his ban

* *Pegasus Stagnum*, or horse's fountain.

† A phrase, I apprehend, so elegantly intelligible, as to entirely supersede the necessity of any scholium.

On many a name of fecund fame,
As—Priapus and Pan ;
But still to every priestess
Or heathen *accoucheuse*,
He, in the end, did much commend
His *Bona Dea's* case.

And just as he was rising
From off his pious bass,
There shot a light across his sight,
For all the world like *gas* !
And lo ! a voice that minute
Thus rumbled o'er his head—
“ Your wife go tell, a *miracle*
Shall fruitful make her bed.”

He paus'd not long in yielding
Accord to this behest,
Twixt joy and fear, he sought his dear,
And drew her to his breast—
Invok'd the good *Pilumnus*,*
And girded up his loins,

* The deity that has the credit of presiding over breeding women.

While Deb. elate, like turtle mate,
In cooing concert joins.

Night came—they sleep—the chamber
Is dark as Erebus,

Save where the glim, of rushlight dim
Burns wan and nebulous—

The clock chimes twelve—he wakens,
A spectrum views, and oh!

Upon his knees, in lawn *chemise*,
Behold—Prince Hohenlohe!!!

My Muse's conch's a very
Domestic sort of shell,

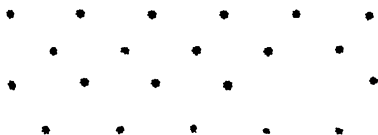
Or I would blow Prince Hohenlohe
A louder canticle;

His Highness dread must therefore
Excuse my homely reed,

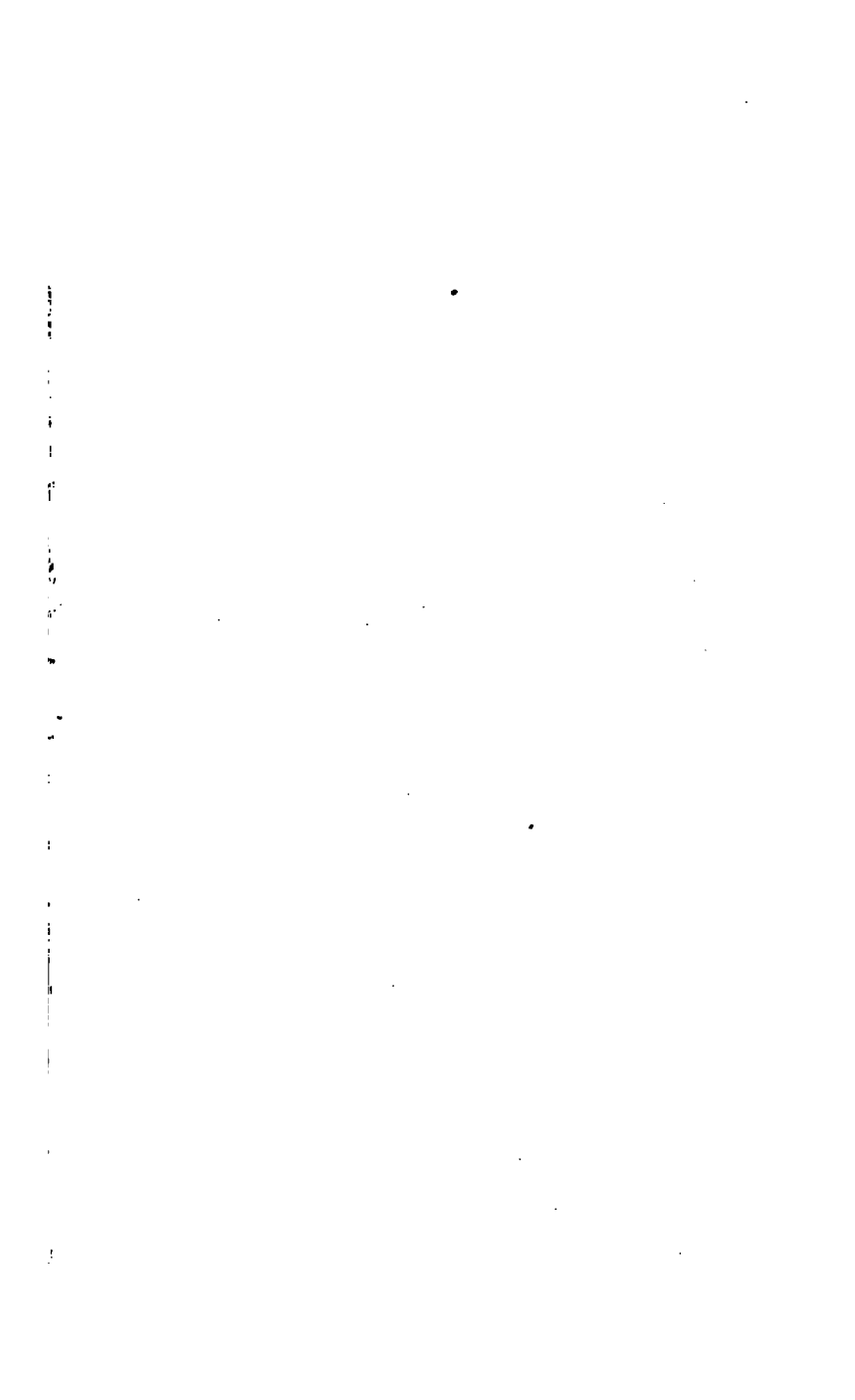
And kindly take, for Debby's sake,
"The good-will for the *deed*."

* * * * *

The matron from her slumber
Is rous'd and bolt upright,
or dreaming ill, her *deshabille*
Ne'er struck her in her fright,
Till courteously his Highness
Seiz'd hold upon the tilt,
And modestly envelop'd he
Her in the patchwork quilt.



END OF CANTO I.



APPENDIX.

A P P E N D I X.

N O T E S.

THE KISSE,—page 8.

*And thus, having finished my lip education,
I'll write a sweet treatise on deosculation.*

Since this invaluable and recondite category was written I have been very sedulous in consulting the most desirable authorities within my reach* upon the popular dogmas affecting my interesting Thesis; more particularly as I find that Dionysius, Flaccus, Lindley Murray, and other standard grammarians (ancient as well as modern) have either wholly overlooked the acroamatical subject in question, or (what I opine is far more probable) have found its research too deep for their philological calibre; for *me* then has been reserved the glorious academic bays; and the result of my scientific industry I herewith promulge for the benefit of man-kind and eke woman-ditto.

* Woman's lips—*passim*.

I find there are only three "regular" Kisses, (properly so called,) and these are denominated

The Kiss negative.

The Kiss positive,

and

The Kiss superlative.

The first (or negative) consists in kissing a lady's hand.

The second (or positive) ditto her cheek.

And the third (or superlative) ditto her lips.

There are, besides, two "auxiliary" Kisses:

The first is the Kiss *passive*—such as is inflicted by old maiden Aunts; and

The second is, the Kiss *active*—in use (principally) on the Gretna Green road, *per gli amanti e novelli sposi*.

The first (the Kiss *passive*) is generally declined by the *Kissee*,* whilst the latter (the Kiss *active*) governs both *Kissee* and *Kisser*,* in number as well as in gender.

Independent of the preceding "regular" and "auxiliary" Kisses, there are a few supernumerary (or irregular) ones, such as

The incidental, or stage Kiss.

The petty larceny,† or stolen Kiss.

The mutual, or reciprocity Kiss.

The cooing Kiss, or Kiss *à la tourterelle*.

The honey-moon Kiss, (invariably *encor'd*.)

The mute, or sighing Kiss.

* Or, as it more analytically written, kiss-he and kiss-her.

† The correct mode of pronouncing this is, *pretty larceny*.

The echo, or percussion Kiss ; and

The barley-sugar Kiss, or Kiss *en papillotte*.

The latter, by the way, is *very* rarely committed during the season of adolescence or muliebrity, being tolerated chiefly by nursery misses and *exceedingly* young ladies who have not quite "outgrown their bib."

ON THE DEATH OF BUONAPARTE.—p. 61.

And mark, the earth-bent eyes attest

A soldier's seemly gloom.

In allusion to the ceremonial observed at funerals conducted with the honours of war. A lane or *défilé* is formed by a certain proportion of the troops, (regulated according to the military rank of the deceased,) through which the corse passes, and on its entering this vista the soldiery (having already *presented arms*) are given the word of command to "reverse arms," and to "lean on your arms reversed," which order is realised by an inversion of the firelock, so as to receive the superincumbent hands upon the end or plate of the butt, whereon the cheek is reclined, and the aspect of the face conforms to the measured and solemn march of the bearers. I do not consider it within possibility for *any* pageant to be more impressive or mournfully interesting than a burial thus solemnized.

SIAMESE TWINS.—p. 68.

*However, it is lucky that,
 As judgment for her sins,
 She was not punish'd in the end
 By having Irish twins.*

The Irish ladies, (heaven love them as well as I do!) are excellent brood wives; their pretty Milesian craniums must, I should think, be very rife in bosses and bumps, and phrenologically develop the interesting organs of amativeness, super-fecundity, and philo-progenitiveness. They are not usually satisfied with an (annual) uniparous or even biparous contribution to the *pole tax*, but frequently are thrifty enough to present their husband with a tergeminous offering, (by way of *twins*,) as a sort of *bonus*, I presume, or extra premium upon his marital industry.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN TAMEHAMALU.

*Land of Sandwiches, attend
 To the tristful and the true,
 For I've grisly news to send
 Of Queen Tamehamalu.*

Authentic copy of an elegiac dispatch, or official mort-strain, forwarded by the Lord Chamberlain, Onopotigammony, to the

Right Honourable Billy Pitt, Prime Minister of the Sandwich Islands, announcing the demise of her most warlike majesty, Queen Tamehamalu.*

As the plebeian acquirements of reading and writing are by no means essential state qualifications in the Sandwich Islands, the Lord Chamberlain Onopotigammony, availing himself of his acquaintance with Dr. B. (a learned linguist, whose patronymic I do not feel *quite* at liberty to mention,) induced that skilful cook in the "hash of tongues" to undertake the lugubrious task, which *ex officio* rested with himself—viz., the formal notification of the Queen's death; the allusion, therefore, to the exequial etiquette prevailing in the Pacific, and in fact the *data* generally, must be viewed as the contribution of the erudite Lord Chamberlain *per se*, (who, barring reading and writing, may be safely considered as quite an *aurora borealis* in the hemisphere of letters,) but the subduing sweetness of the threnody, (travelling to the heart by a sort of rhythmical railway,) and the rich marquetry of expression with which the poem is veneered, at once identifies it with the profound and polygraphical Doctor—that prolific foster-father of exotic poesy—metrical "dealer and chapman," and—*omnis homo* of the muses.

It was through the courteous indulgence of the keeper of the state archives that I was favoured (during my visit to the Sandwich Islands) with a view of the present epicedium, which, by the bye, was looked upon in the light of a great na-

* Her majesty's degree, order, name, dignity, and royal style and title, was "Tamehamalu-Elie, Queen Consort and Chief Tomahawk in and over the Sandwich Islands."

*And for a "stiff'un" Burke her,
As the "body-snatchers" do.—p. 98.*

With the veriest humility, I am prone to acknowledge, that this distich most distressingly astounds me—an evident and alarming discrepancy hangs over it; besides, there is so glaring a meta-chronism perpetrated either by the Lord Chamberlain or the Doctor, that I feel myself incontinently called upon to repudiate, as far as lies in my power, the strange and monstrous anomaly.

I consider it the bounden duty of the biographer, the historian, or the scholiast, to stand sentry, as it were, over the posthumous fame or reputation of men who have rendered their names celebrated by their works or actions—men, who, having mortgaged their renown to unborn generations, have become, to all intents and purposes, the public property of posterity.

With this creditable impression for my guide, I feel it needful to assert, (however it may libel or impugn the Lord Chamberlain or the Doctor's authority,) that the interesting and scientific process of "Burking" was *not* in use at the lugubrious epoch adverted to in the text; inasmuch, as the demise of her Majesty Queen Tamehamalu, of blessed and esurient memory, took place in the month of June, *Anno Domini* 1824, and it was not until the year 1828, that the humane and enlightened science in question was brought into practical consuetude.

The country is indebted (as its *cognomen* implies) to a Mr. BURKE for the discovery of this neoterick system; who, after bring-

ing it to the highest *pitch* of perfection, (as evinced by the subsequent extensive practice of Messrs. Bishop and Williams,) died *somewhat suddenly* in Edinburgh, about two years since, of a *patibulary* affection;* and a *pensile* monument is (I understand) *very feelingly* about to be erected to his *exalted* memory, by his old and *much obliged* consociates, the Royal College of Surgeons.

That you cause all plates and dishes

To be smash'd in Sandwich land.—p. 98.

The demolition of household crockery is, it should seem, a propitiatory family practice in the Sandwich Islands upon the death of any of its members; so that in the present instance, a wholesale “smash” appears to have been commanded out of compliment to the regal dignity of the defunct. I conclude it is a posthumous honour analogous to our salvo of artillery.

Write a circular dead letter,

And seal it with black wax.—p. 99.

I am friendly to the conjecture, that this is a paraphrastic version of the Lord Chamberlain's expression, as lent to it by the erudite postiller already alluded to, since, as I have previously observed, (although the schoolmaster *is* abroad,) reading and *writing* are not in vogue at Owhyee. I doubt not, however, but that a due number of breasts and heads were put in requisition, and a

* Or as others term it, a violent *crick in the neck*.

competent quantum of skins and skulls diaseminated to promulge the tribulatory intelligence.

*To stick with shells their hair full,
And rubify their chins.—p. 99.*

A funereal custom in reverential prevalence amongst the Sandwich islanders.

Their raven locks are upon such occasions thickly studded with shells and feathers of various hues, and the lower part of the face is painted red. This hair and mandibular garniture (together with the most dissonant and mugient ejulation) realizes to the eye and ear of an alien, a feeling diametrically hostile to the one it is intended to awaken.

*And even George the Fourth too tries
To melify his grief.—p. 100.*

Vide "Morning Post," on the demise of the queen.

*And a bill of lading shall, besides,
Be sent to Billy Pitt.—p. 100.*

Considering the extreme brevity of the Lord Chamberlain's residence in this country, he has, I think it must be admitted, evinced a very creditable intimacy with our maritime minutiae.

To ———. p. 119.

*Oh!—canst thou make that heart,
Which all have sought but never won.*

The man must indeed be either a wholesale bankrupt in modesty, or have a very large capital of assurance on hand, who could discount *at sight* this heavy draft upon his personal vanity.

I have not the honour to know for whom the *original* lines were happily intended, consequently cannot vouch for the gentleman's *seduisant* pretensions; but as far as concerns myself, I beg with becoming modesty to disclaim the verisimilitude, and have merely introduced them into "The Poetic Negligée," as a sort of latch-key to those that immediately follow. They have been copied by my fair catechist, I perceive, *verbatim et literatim*, from a volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled, "Melancholy Hours," (page 71,) and which, whatever may have been the tone of feeling lent to the accomplished authoress's* *own* "hours," during the season of inspiration, are calculated, from their chasteness of sentiment and feminine pathos, to render their *triste* title an unqualified *misnomer* as affecting the "hours" of her readers. To such as have not met with the volume in question, I take the liberty to recommend it earnestly to their perusal.

* Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson.

NO QUIERO CASARME.*—p. 138.

Of all thefts, I think literary latrocinny the least to be excused; and if I had the drawing up of a new penal code, I would certainly make plagiarist *death*, (ay, downright death,) without the benefit of clergy.

If one of those fugacious, un-dining beings, yclept authors, will borrow either a single thought, or a whole set of ideas, from a brother starveling, let him, in FURINA's name, have honour enough to volunteer a *receipt*, being the *only* one he is ever in a condition to give or receive; and this he *ought* to have the less disinclination to do, seeing that no eighteen-pence (a whole week's income) is requisite for the purchase of a stamp, but merely his garnishing the loan with a few tributary commas.

In this view of biblical furacity, I am protected by the master-opinion of (that demi-god of my adoration) the martyred Byron,† who, while turning a well-earned compliment to Campbell, (the Bard of Hope,) justly says, "Robbery never comes with so bad a grace as from a Parnassian brother;"‡ and it is under the domination of this feeling, that I have inserted the Spanish archetype of my own arietta, entitled, "The Recantation."

I love to remember the exceeding pleasure with which I heard this "*cancion jocosa*" (with its guitar accompaniment) sung in

* About to be published as an English song.

† No puny authority in matters of Bardic jurisprudence.

‡ I quote loosely, but *this* I know is the soul of the sentiment.

Spain, but feeling myself, both in heart and conscience, bound to dissent from the doctrine inculcated in the original, I affiliated English words upon the parent tune, (changing at the same time the sex of the vocalist,)—and for having so done, I now most penitently pray the forgiveness of both the British and Spanish *gens de lyrique*.

LA CACHUCHA.—p. 144.

The preceding remarks on the subject of “*No quiero Casarme*,” extend their applicability to the above-named song, and its Anglo-Iberian parody “The Silver Mandoline.”



NOTE TO PREFACE.

PAGE viii.

“ If by the bye an old maid has a heart.”

There is nothing—no, not even the promised *entree* into Mahomet's seventh heaven, (dearly as I love blue or black-eyed houris,) that could tempt me to *think*, much less *write*, slightly of ALL elderly spinsters;—forbid the thought, ye sister-nine; forbid it, I say, ye novenary muses—ye whose humble henchman I am, and whose livery it is my loftiest boast to wear—“ a poet's soul should bear a richer fruitage,” and I revel in the hope that woman's image (whether in the likeness of maid, wife, or widow,) is carved too deeply on my heart, to admit of the possibility of my *intentionally* paining her.

In the free spirit of candour, it is however worth my while to

confess, that a mixed agency governs my mind, with respect to those unhappy ladies, so disadvantageously known to the world, as well as to themselves, by the distressing appellation of "old maids."

After long and gravely considering the question, it seems to me a measure of justice, to class them under two distinct heads; the first class consisting of *volens*, or voluntary old maids, and the second of *nolens volens*, or involuntary—ditto.

Now as regards the latter, (the involuntary ones,) I should hold myself to be a traitor to beauty, as well as to truth, were I not sorrowingly to admit that many, *full many* a gentle and lovely being is immolated at the shrine of celibacy, whose warm and generous heart sickens at her anti-social doom—a thousand causes are in operation to force upon her the blighting veil of virginhood, to condemn her in the very bosom of society, to the accursed loneliness of a vestal life: and what are those thousand causes?

Count me first the stars of the night, or the pebbles of the sea shore, and we shall *then* be better able to compute them; a few however of the *impedimenta* will answer our present purpose.

Beauty, with nine men out of ten, is the *sine qua non* of matrimony; without which, no girl's credentials can be "favourably received;" she may be "as love-sick as a dove at mating time," she may be the very paragon of maiden excellence, in whose faultless soul every moral charm hath its abiding place; but lacking the visual spell, she is coldly overlooked for some mindless Circe, whose only passport to the altar is a pretty face or a set of well-turned limbs.

Again, what chance (except a very bad one) has a girl of marry-

ing, who does not come recommended to the *prudent* notice of her suitor, with a few thousands, either of acres or pounds.

A snug (unmortgaged) estate, a good round sum in the four per cents, or a reversionary interest in a *very old* uncle, or grandmother's will, are trump cards in a young lady's hand, and holding them she need not *finesse* very long for a partner; but the game of matrimony is a very serious and difficult one to *play well*, and many a woman who has thought herself sure of winning, (*her husband's heart being the stake*,) would, long before the rubber was ended, have joyfully paid the penalty of a *revoke*.

Thus then it appears (to *me* at least) that without owning the talisman of either beauty or riches, (or perhaps *both*,) the prospects of a girl's marrying are far from encouraging; and when to the absence of these *désiderata* is tacked the infinitesimal caveats entered by parents, relations, guardians, trustees, &c., against their daughter, kinswoman, or ward's espousal, it really ceases to be matter of wonderment that so many amiable creatures are eventually visited with the pains and penalties of old maid-ism.

It may be urged that I have looked at my subject through a sheet of ice, and that this is only a prejudiced estimate, a mere hypothetical picture of female endurings—*Plût à Dieu*, that such were substantially the fact, and that the sketch now rough-drawn, was an *imaginative* one; but unfortunately, very unfortunately, such is not the case; fancy has nothing to do with it—it is “a study,” and a most painful one too, and many a bright-minded, warm-soul'd woman is virtually sitting for her portrait, while I trace these hurried lines; but I grow prolix, and appear to be forgetting that

I am merely a simple maker of *Negligées*, and not one of the priests of Hymenæus.

Having however divided my old maids into a couple of sections and uttered some truisms respecting the *volens volens*, or second class, I must, in common gallantry, address a few words to the *volens* ladies, lest the demon of jealousy should take possession of their fair bosoms, and I would fain rescue even him from so pleasureless a home, the Esquimaux temperature of which is habitually down to "Zero."

The *volens*, or voluntary old maid, is an awful exemplification of antiquated verecundity : doubtless she is not a man, and it is almost as certain she is not a woman—she must be considered then (having failed to identify herself with *either* sex) as of the Epicene or neuter gender—she is, in fact, a sort of human mermaid, female, *above the zone*, and anything you like but that, below it.

Woman (without citing Scripture writ) was a present (and what a delicious one!) from the Deity to man ; she was given to him as a living "*Souvenir*," or "*Forget-me-not*," and in *her* (like the magician's ring) centres every joy or pleasure, bliss or delight, that his heart can hope or sigh for.

Woman, (trumpet it forth my muse,) when given to man, was not bestowed upon him *merely* as the kindler of his love, or as the beauteous object of his caresses: 'tis sweetly true, her charms were meant to exercise (*and ever may they*) a witching spell over his heart, but then, she was intended to be an earthly angel of a *still* higher class, one joining the deep blandishments of love with the soberer duties of domestic rule—she was meant to be (and

is) the very soul and centre of his existence—the *alpha* and *omega* of whatever he knows by the name of happiness—she was meant to be his true and discreet counsellor by day, his luscious fondling, his bosom-mate by night—she was meant to be his life-spring, his friend, his solace, his comforter, his—wife!

Who then will dare to justify the icy tenets of celibacy? does Evangelism preach so unnatural a creed? if so, I confess (and glory in my ignorance) I am unread in its hateful doctrine.

Arguing solely with the voice of reason, I would ask, what claim the voluntary, or *inveterate* old maid has to any feeling, save that of abhorrence or contempt; since willingly estranged from all the better (or rather *best*) indulgences of our nature—since setting at defiance the very behest of her God, she withers out her span of infelicity, *unloving and unloved*, and who, when her joyless race is run, is “gathered into the great harvest of eternity,” unwept by all and any, save and except her darling poodle, parrot, monkey or cat—the only *living things* that ever shared her thoughts or affections.

I fearlessly maintain that woman (a *true woman* at heart) must perish long before her time, if condemned to (what she was never designed for) a life of maidenhood; there is not in the English language so terrific a monosyllable to a girl out of her teens, as that of “miss,” it sits like a nightmare upon her troubled heart, and, if the incubus be not removed, will assuredly destroy her.

Unlike the *inveterate* old maid, *her* aspirations are pure and feminine; the former is a voluntary recusant from the canons of love, whilst the latter abhors their unwomanly tenets, and would fain

exchange the vestals *linteum supernum* for the *rosa alba*, or the orange blossom of the bride.

While denouncing with the thunder of my "Perryian pen," the vengeance of Hymen against all *voluntary* old maids, I must upon no account overlook that male monstrosity, the OLD BACHELOR; and as the female heteroclite has been typified under the likeness of a mermaid, the masculine hybrid may equi-justly claim identity with the Sagittary or Minotaur—being half man and half—whatever else you please.

In point of truth, he must be considered as the arch-master, or founder of the order of celibacy, for to his misogyny is clearly referrible the unwedded condition of the female unit; as owing to the habitude of society, and the innate diffidence of the sex, it is forbidden to the lady-candidate for bridal bliss to give the soft challenge, she being, *par usage*, only the fair acceptor;* and as the *challenged* party, (the laws of Honor and Hymen being in this particular alike,) the "time and place" are always subject to her appointment.

I have just said, and I cannot too often iterate the assertion, that to the old bachelor's anti-connubial bias, may, and *must* be traced the growth of that gorgon evil—old maidism; and so acutely alive do I feel to the dangers of depopulation, (maugre the Malthusian prophecy,) that I vehemently call upon "Mrs. Betsy Brindle" † to present a petition to the Commons House of Parlia-

* Or rejecter, as her high pleasure may decree it.

† A rabbit-like, and *motherly* sort of woman, who according to a late

ment, praying (lest the kingdom be unpeopled) that a tax, and that a heavy one, be forthwith levied upon *all* bachelors between the ages of 25 and 50, those being, in my opinion, the intermediate years, or *jours d'arbitrage*, in a man's life, that belong *de jure* to womankind. I have chalked out these nubile and specific lustrums for marital husbandry,* as on the creature man attaining the first-named period I consider him "in the May of youth and bloom of lustihood," and on rounding the *half-hundred*, as (*peut-être*) "for ladies' love unfit;" consequently up to 25 I would not clip his wing, and after 50 I would most assuredly make it *felo-de-se* to commit matrimony.

To prove how especially *hors d'odeur* old bachelors have been in every age and in all countries, Athenæus says, (speaking of one of the Greek festivals,) "It seems to have been instituted to give the fair sex an opportunity of avenging themselves upon all those who had neglected them; at its celebration they were empowered to lay hold on all OLD BACHELORS they could find, to drag them" (in their *birth-day* suits) "round an altar, and beat them soundly all the time they were doing so with the palms of their hands." There, ye living Sagittaries, think of that and tremble, and bless your trine stars that you did not *vegetate* (for *live* you never do) in the days of the worthy Athenæus.

morning paper, "was safely delivered of her thirtieth child."—Lord deliver us from such a deliverance!

* I somewhat questioned the fitness of this expression for the meaning I had in view, but on consulting my friend Walker, I find it rendered (with other uses) "care of domestic affairs."

Feeling deeply imbued with the momentousness of the question at issue, I have for some time past dedicated my attention to a branch of the subject, that is not, I think, sufficiently understood; albeit, the "children of men," (more especially, the *mermaids* and *Minotaurs*) are vitally interested in its consideration—I allude to the transmigration of souls.

It little concerns either the erudite or unlearned reader, to become acquainted with the means, occult or otherwise, that I have employed, to arrive at the important knowledge about to be revealed; sufficient for his or her curiosity is the proffered guarantee, that the following exposition is stamped with the seal of indubitability.

It is not without the most pleasing augury of the influential sway my discoveries are fated to exercise over the minds of the rising generation, and the consequent death-blow that I am dealing against old maidism and bachelorship, that I proceed to dispense the information I have acquired, for the gratuitous benefit of all mammas and papas *in petto*; and any mortal masculine or feminine, that after this cautionary *exposé*, wickedly, and with malice prepense, dieth unwed, richly merits the retributory punishment in store for them.

Aided by the doctrine of Psychomancy, I have been enabled to ascertain to a *dead* certainty, what becomes of the souls (!) of old maids and old bachelors after they die, (although Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, and the learned Johannes Damascenus, are great sticklers for their being born *without* any,) and the result of my divination is, that they are, beyond a doubt, subjected to the

most lamentable Metempsychosis—the two principal of which I hasten to divulge.

There is a Transatlantic bird bearing the name of “the Alcedo!”—this bird is nowhere to be met with, except in the sea of Marmora, and (more particularly) in the Bosphorus; from time immemorial, it has been an object of vivid and painful interest; astounding the most sapient Ornithologists, and petrifying both Turk and Christian with a kind of superstitious awe; it is neither of the plumipede nor palmipede species, nor has it, in short, ever yet been *rightly* defined. One thing only is *vrai comme l’Evangile*, and *that* is, although long and diligently watched, it has never, *no never*, been detected either eating, drinking, or resting—its mysterious movement is unvaried and sempiternal—to molest it, is considered by the Moslem a crime of the deepest die, visitable with death; and wo betide the follower of either the Crescent or the Cross, who should kill one; *its* destruction (if proved) would be the inevitable harbinger of his own. This fearful bird skims up and down the dark waters of the Bosphorus, with rapid and untiring wing, uttering a low and dismal wail as it sweeps along on its mystic flight, and seemingly wholly intent upon the fulfilment of some awful incantatory task.

This wonder of ages has been long known to the French, by the justly-figurative designation of *les ames damnées*, (so named through its inexplicable restlessness,) and I plume myself materially on being the first philosopher to give that enlightened nation joy of their critically-correct appellation, since I am happily enabled to satisfy “all whom it may concern,” (Ornithologists of course in-

cluded,) that these same never-eating, never-drinking, never-resting, and mysterious and sempiternally-flitting Alcedos of the Bosphorus, are neither *more nor less* than the *larvæ*, or troubled souls of old maids, vindictively pursuing and reviling the unhappy spirits of old bachelors.

The preceding Metempsychosis I certainly consider the *principal* one of the two, although I am prone to doubt whether the soul of the old bachelor can pride itself much on the enjoyment of a sheer sinecure even as regards the *second*, which consists in its transformation into the figure of a worn-out post-horse, with (as a matter of course) the requisite *quantum* of splints, spavins, wind-galls, ring-bones, &c., while the dapper old maid, (who, by the way, never had a *turn* for riding in her sublunary career,) is metamorphosed into (at least) a fourteen-stone post-boy, and mounting with incredible glee upon her old garra's back, refreshes his lean sides and flanks with a more liberal dose of whip and spur than was ever administered to the sorriest jade on its *saute qui peut* home-flight from "the Derby."

It has been sagely maintained that the old bachelors and old maids colonising Tartarus, are doomed to the never-ending pastime of *leap-frog*, and that an equal number of each sex, or rather *class*, (for *sex*, we have proved, they *have* none, unless it be the Epicene,) are perpetually jumping over each other, to the sad dismay of the female, and the utter discomfiture of the male performer. To the fact, however, of the *leap-frog*, I do not bind my responsibility, but as far as regards the preceding metempsychosis, (of the alcedo and the post-horse,) I hold myself answerable to

the veriest Pyrrhonist for the honesty of my report. The other transmigration I am about to allude to, I feel bound to consider as (more or less) apocryphal, notwithstanding it bears the counter-sign of truth, having the testimony of Thomas-a-Kempis,* Eudes de Cluni, Jerome of Prague, Matthew of Westminster, Joanna Southcott, and other eminent psychologists, to authenticate it.

According to these learned authorities, the "old maid" has scarcely time to be rowed over the Styx or Acheron, (both *routes* being equally safe, convenient, and well frequented,) when lo! with a sort of *presto* movement, she is metamorphosed into a tabby or tortoise-shell cat, and at once, with the true instinct of a wary Grimalkin, enters upon her feline avocations; the first and most pleasurable one of which is, lying in wait for the soul of an old bachelor, who by an equally expeditious transmutation, has assumed, on quitting Charon's wherry, (and much to pussey's delight,) the sleek personation of a mouse.

I cannot but admit there is something eminently conducive to credence in the foregoing doctrine, since the overweening partiality of old maids for *cats*, (though I believe they continently eschew a *Tom*,) would especially qualify them to enact the *talon*-ted vagaries of a tabby; and the *latter* being proverbially a Nyctalops, the old maid-mouser would thus have a most gratifying advantage over the old bachelor-mouse.

Having so far descanted upon the dire effects of *not* marrying, let us shift the scene, and refresh our senses awhile with a view

* Not the member for Lewes.

of some of the *countless* incentives to matrimony; not that I would be understood as writing the Spinster's *Vade Mecum*, or the Art of Courtship made Easy; nor the true and faithful History of Wooing Winning, and Wedding; nor The Battayle and Assaulte of Cupidd, a luvè dyttie; I merely wish and intend (by way of an epilogue to the tragical affair of the *old maids*) to improvise a few moments in becoming honour of the *young ones*.

According to the decalogue of chivalry, (and to which I fasten my faith,) woman is the light and life of both here and hereafter; for its chief tenet maintains, that, "of all the joys we can experience in the present, or hope for in the world to come, *love* is the only one worth our care and sollicitude;" and Dondos de Prade, (a chivalric poet, though a priest,) who lived in the days of the shield and the lance, and used to chant the praises of women, says, "I would not wish to enter heaven, but on condition of making love to her whom I adore."

Boccace, Francis Sordinati, and Hilaria da Costa, with a troop of other panegyrists, have nobly chronicled the name of woman; and the Jongleurs, in many a glowing roundel and descant, have also been their encomiastic champions; but it was reserved for the Jewish rabbies to enlighten us with the "true and particular history" of *her birth*; and as the ladies appear to exist under a *mis*-apprehension concerning their primitival origin, I take leave most reverentially to undeceive them, with regard to the pretty little "*rib*" legend which they have hitherto considered as so specially orthodox.

The Rabbies, after a short theological prelude, affirmatively set

forth in the Talmud, that, " God at first created Adam with a long tail ; but afterwards, on considering him attentively, He thought he would look better without it ; resolving, however, not to lose any thing that he *had* made, he cut it off, and straightway formed it into a woman."

Our primitive papa (Adam) does not appear to have been the *only* private gentleman who rejoiced in the appendage of a tail, (as attested by the credible Rabbins,) nor need we *subpæna* his Satanic Majesty, to prove the fact of his also wearing a nether ornament, since we are apprised by Professor Porson, (or other equally unimpeachable authority,) that his royal *unmentionables* (*five* proof, I conclude) were made with a

" Hole behind for his tail to come through."

But the question (if indeed it were ever doubtful) is at once set at rest by the testimony of John Struys, who affirms to have " seen with his own eyes," (and *seeing*, they say, is the mother of *belief*,) " in the island of Formosa, a man who had a tail more than a foot in length, covered with red hair, and greatly resembling that of an ox. This man with a tail said, that his deformity, if it *was* one, proceeded from the climate, and that all those of the southern part of the island were born with tails like his."^{*}

Now as this tale of a tail is vouched for by John Struys' " own eyes," it behoves us, I think, to vouchsafe it our credence, to the full extent of faith we are bound to place in the veracious narra-

* " Manners and Customs."

tives of Messrs. *Longbow* and *Munchausen* ; and the only point upon which I feel eminently solicitous is, that it may never be my fate to be shipwrecked upon the "southern part of the island," *for fear* of being decorated with the "red-haired ox-tail," and which, at the present moment, I really, (though it *may* be bad taste,) cannot bring myself to look upon as either *useful* or *ornamental*.

Other Rabbinical writers assure us that "the first human Being was created double of both sexes, and" (like the Siamese twins) "joined side to side ; that God, improving on his original plan, *separated* the male from the female," (evidently, I should say, the first case of divorce on record,) "and made them into two distinct Beings ; and that from hence arose the perpetual inclination of the sexes to join themselves together again."

Leaving, however, this Levitical hieroglyphy to the disquisition of the Archæologist, I shall content myself with observing, that every man who wears a heart, (of course the old bachelor is an exception,) must often, or, at all events, *once* have felt, that Woman is the mighty sorceress who holds him in soft enchantment—that her's is the *magic* rule which chains him to her shrine, and that she, and *she alone*, is the motive-power that governs his thoughts and movements through life.

But I have already dilated, and I fear tediously, upon the subject of my annotations, inasmuch as "The Poetic Negligée" is not designed for the Pandect in which the gentle statutes of matrimony are recorded ; albeit, my ambition could not have a higher range than to be considered as the registrar of so lovely an institution.

Having ex-cogitated the penal futurity of (*voluntary*) old maids and bachelors, I shall close these notes by appending a few remarks as to the mode adopted by the ancients to evitate Celibacy, leaving it entirely at the option of my lady-readers to determine whether or not the olden usage shall be revived.

Dr. Alexander tells us that, "The ancient Assyrians seem to have more thoroughly settled and digested the affairs of marriage than any of their contemporaries. Once every year they assembled together all the girls that were marriageable, when the public crier put them up to sale, one after another. For her whose figure was agreeable, and whose beauty was attracting, the rich strove against each other, who should give the highest price; which price was put into a public stock, and distributed in portions to those whom nature had less liberally accomplished, and whom nobody would take without a reward.

"After the most beautiful were all disposed of, the ordinary sort were also put up by the public crier, and a certain sum of money offered with each, proportioned to what it was thought she stood in need of to bribe a husband to accept of her. When any man offered to take one of these, on the terms upon which she was exposed to sale, the crier proclaimed that such a man had proposed to receive such a woman with such a sum of money, provided none could be found who would take her with less; and in this manner the sale went on, till she was at last allotted to him who offered to accept her with the smallest portion.

"When this public sale was over, the purchasers of those that were beautiful were not allowed to take them away till they had

paid down the price agreed upon, and given sufficient security that they would marry them; nor, on the other hand, would those who were to have a premium for accepting of such as were less beautiful, take a delivery of them, until their fortunes were previously paid."

This, my fair perusers will no doubt exclaim, was the barbarous custom of a barbarous age, and I readily link my averment with theirs, although at a far less remote period, when civilization and refinement were in the ascendant, we grieve to know that wives, in the marriage market were at a heavy discount, and *that too*, maugre their being first-rate blue stockings! The same author tells us, that in those days, (about the period of the crusades,) "Nuns became poetesses, and ladies of quality turned Divines; the women preached in public, supported controversies, published and defended Theses's, filled the chairs of philosophy and law, harangued the popes in Latin! wrote Greek!! and read Hebrew!!!" Now, if all that was not enough to gain (or, at any rate, to *lose*) a husband, I think the devil's in it; and any man who could have the courage to require his wife to know *more*, must, I should think, be a deuced unconscionable fellow.

Had I time or space, I would venture to express a few of my own ideas respecting female education; but thinking the subject of mental tillage rather a delicate question, and already needlessly lumbered with a load of old-fashioned prejudices, mayhap I am safer in practising silence, since to review, let alone disturb or deprecate, a hoary custom, is a thankless, if not a perilous undertaking.

In *most* things, I confess, my reason is under the tutorage of Optimism, and I *strongly* inculcate its utility as a lenitive doctrine for the long catalogue of diseases to which the *mind* of man is obnoxious ; but I unreservedly acknowledge, I cannot stretch my belief in it to the extent of opining that *celibacy* is "for the best," since the naked fact of Moses (the prolocutor of the divine Synod) having denounced "those that fulfil not the word of God, but die unmarried," goes the full length of convincing me that it is an *unholy*, as well as an *unnatural* state, and one for which neither man nor woman was ever created or intended. There exists (with the *comparatively few* exceptions of the old bachelors and maids) an ardent and uncontrollable proclivity in both sexes to interchange the gentle endearments of love, and so long as that inborn propension is realized, I care not through the medium of what form or ceremony it be attained, provided the uniting parties join their hearts and hands under the benison of religion ; for my own part, (as a test of not dealing in *lip-wisdom*,) it is a matter of conscientious *indifference* to me, whether I plighted my troth on the Bible, the Koran, or the Talmud ; and even in the absence of any affiancing authority, I should religiously consider the simple juratory form of vowing to *cherish, protect, and exclusively love*, the fair object of my adoration, as "sign and seal" sufficient of the sacredness of our union ; and in ratifying my oath on the coral of her lips, I should think it as solemnly registered, as if attested in church, chapel, synagogue, or mosque, and doubt not but that it would be *equally recorded* in the high chancel of heaven.

I have already alluded, a few pages back, (and with inconceivable gusto,) to the circumstance (as reported by Athenæus) of the old bachelors being manually chastised by the enraged virgins during the celebration of one of their festivals; and as a corollary to that excellent symposiac usage, I take permission to allude to a few more of the well-merited indignities lavished (in those *sensible* days) upon the aforesaid anti-matrimonial gentry.

"The Persians," (says Dr. Alexander,) "formerly celebrated a festival, called *Merd Giran*, in honour of the angel *Ismendarmux*, (who was considered as the guardian and protector of women;) during this festival the sex were honoured with several very singular privileges. Wives were vested," (what a glorious era!) "with an almost unlimited power, and husbands were obliged by custom," (which was a very gallant one,) "implicitly to obey their orders. Virgins, without offending against that delicacy, which at all other times, laid a restraint upon their words and actions, might then," (how delightful!) "almost with a certainty of success, pay their addresses to such young men as had attracted their hearts; hence it happened, that the marriages made, and engagements entered into, were more numerous about the period of this festival, than at any other time of the year. But these marriages and engagements were not altogether a consequence of the women having then a power of courting the men; another cause contributed also to make them more numerous; the angel was supposed to be peculiarly favourable to all those who added to the gaiety of his festival by their nuptials and engagements, and all were willing to purchase his favour, when the mode of doing it coincided so much with their own peculiar inclinations."

Now I really cannot but think that it would be a very sage and politic plan for the (single) ladies of the present day to restore the good old festival of *Merd Giran*, and by way of propitiating the dear angel *Ismendarmuz*, (the second syllable of whose pretty name is even in *itself* redolent of wedlock,) I would strenuously advise them to establish in each principal county town throughout the kingdom,* an Hymeneal Mart, or Bachelor's Bazaar, where spinsters of *nubile* years, (a period, by the way, like the Millennium, somewhat indefinite,) may at stated seasons repair, and choosethemselves a "fit and proper" helpmate. Why may not women, I should like to know, "pop the question," as well as the gentlemen? In the Isthmus of Darien, "the right of asking is lodged in, and promiscuously exercised, by both sexes; and in the Ukraine, the women more generally court than the men. In China, when it is determined to marry one of the princesses of the royal family, she is placed behind a curtain in a large hall; twelve young men of the first quality are brought in, and ordered to walk backward and forward, that she may take a proper view of them, which done, she fixes upon two, and of these the king chooses which shall be her husband."† By-the-bye, I think the young lady's royal papa might just as well leave the *casting vote* to his daughter, since she certainly must be considered as the most *deeply* interested party of the two: I promised, however, to add a few more words respecting the contumely evinced towards the old bachelors of yore, and I therefore proceed to be as good as my word.

* *Then* indeed might it with every justice be called the *United Kingdom*.

† Alexander, "History of Women."

The origin of celibacy is, (I was going to say,) coeval with time itself; but without rummaging the musty records of antiquity, it is looking back, I think, quite far enough to fasten the obloquy of *inculcating* its joyless tenets upon that fey apostle, St. Paul, who in the spirit of acerbity, says,

“ He that marrieth doth well,
But he that marrieth not doth better.”

Profiting by this trite mendacity, “ St. Mark (soon after the introduction of Christianity) is said to have founded a sect called *Therapeutes*, who dwelt by the lake Moeris, in Egypt, and devoted themselves to solitude and religious offices. About the year 305, (of the Christian computation,) Anthony, being persecuted by Dioclesian, retired into the desert, near the lake Moeris; numbers of people soon following his example, joined themselves to the *Therapeutes*. St. Anthony being placed as their head, and upon improving upon their rules,” (a precious improvement truly,) “ first formed them into regular monasteries, and enjoined them to live in mortification and chastity.”*

About the same time, or soon after, St. Synclitica, (an old-maidish sort of lady-saint,) “ resolving not to be behind St. Anthony in her zeal for chastity, is generally believed to have collected together a number of *enthusiastic* females, and to have founded the first nunnery for their reception. Some imagine the scheme of celibacy was concerted between St. Anthony and St. Synclitica, as St. Anthony, on first retiring into solitude, is said

* The *former*, I should say, the infallible result of the *latter*.

to have put his sister into a nunnery," (far more humane would it have been, had he *put* her to death,) "and which must have been that of St. Synclitica; but however this may be, from their first institution, monks and nuns *increased so fast*, that in the city of Orixá, about seventeen years after the death of St. Anthony, there were found twenty thousand virgins (!) devoted to perpetual virginity."

Though it has been shown that St. Paul and St. Anthony were neither of them marrying men, yet they did not stretch their minatory tether *quite* to the length of their co-saint, (the *ultra-misogamist*,) St. Jerome, who expressly declares, that "the end of matrimony is *eternal death*—that the *earth* is indeed filled by it, but *heaven* by virginity only." Now, if the old maids do not in future swear by St. Jerome, (after the soothing unction with which he has anointed them,) I really think they will exemplify sad ingratitude; and when to the above solacing prediction is tacked the comfortable assurance, that "Edward the Confessor was sainted for abstaining from the conjugal embrace,"* I am bound in reason to believe that the commonwealth of old maids will celebrate a St. Jerome jubilee, and appoint me, (as a reward for the good tidings I have given them,) chief mysteriarch of their antiquated-maiden order.

It should seem, the clergy (in the dark ages of superstition) bore the principal brunt of these marriage-interdictions and denunciations, since Dr. Alexander says, "When or by whom the celibacy of the *clergy* was first introduced into England," (it had

* Dr. Alexander.

previously taken root both in Italy and France,) "is not perfectly agreed upon—some supposing it was St. Dunstan," (another hopeful disciple of the Misogyny school,) "who with the consent of king Edgar first proposed to, and pressed the married clergy to put away their wives, which all those that refused to do, were deposed, and monks put into their livings. These monks gave out that all the married clergy who disobeyed the order of the saint, were, with their wives and children, transformed into eels; and as many of them resided in the isle, now called Ely, it is said to have taken its name from that very circumstance."

The Doctor continues—"As the English clergy were still very refractory, (the year 1125,) Cardinal Crema, the Pope's legate, presiding in a council held at Westminster, (with a view to enforce the Papal authority,) made a long and inveterate speech against the horrid *sin of matrimony*, in which he declared that it was the *highest degree* of wickedness to rise from the side of a woman. But unluckily for the poor cardinal, he was himself, that identical evening, caught by the constable in the very situation he had painted as so sinful, and the shame of it soon drove him out of England."

It appears that it was in the 1st year of the reign of James the First, that the *right* of marriage, (as it is the *rite* of nature,) was restored to the clergy, and (excepting the Latin church) the act remains in (happy) force at this day.

From the cradle to the grave, Woman is the fond and endearing comforter of man—through the gentle gradation of Mother, Sweet-heart, and Wife, she ministers to his weal and enjoyment; firstly,

she is the parent-rose that buds him into being, and hovers round his giddy boyhood ; secondly, she is lapp'd in his youthful heart-strings in all the pride and bloom of puberty ; and thirdly, she fills up the measure of his bliss, by becoming the partner of his bosom, and dulcifying his riper years ; whilst, as the closing virtue of her adorable sex, she cheers and solaces him in the wintry downhill of life ! If, then, such a lovely and estimable creature be taught by any religion (or rather *libel* on religion) to consider celibacy as a holy state, or a pious abstinence, finding propitiousness at the porch of heaven ; I fearlessly maintain that her *reason* and *nature* have been most hellishly perverted, and that if one punishment or expiation more terrible than another be reserved for the tortures of the damned, *that* refinement of agony awaits the guilty souls of her foul and unnatural instructors ; but the idea is in itself too monstrous and wicked to be patiently entertained, and shivering the paralogy to nought with the divine behest—"Increase and multiply," (which I am inclined to apprehend would be a matter of some difficulty, if *all* the ladies were of St. Synclitica's way of thinking,) let us take a short peep (in conclusion) at a few of the rubs given aforetime to the old bachelor,

Male celibacy (as I have previously said) appears to have been in singular disesteem in every age, and divers and manifold have been the edicts and fulminations levelled against its professors. None better understood than the Lacedemonian law-givers the *tact* of getting their unloving necks into the *conjugium*. Dr. Alexander tells us, that "Old bachelors were obliged once

every winter," (and I hope to God they pitched upon the *coldest* day of the year,) "to run naked round the market-place, singing a song which was expressive of their crime, and exposed them to ridicule." They were also excluded from the games where the Spartan virgins (according to the custom of their country) danced, *sans chemise*.

"On a certain solemnity, the women (in revenge for the contempt which was shown them) were allowed to drag these despisers of matrimony round an altar, (as already stated,) beating them soundly all the time; and, lastly, they were deprived of all that honour and respect which the young men of Greece were obliged to pay to their seniors.

"One of their old captains coming into an assembly, when he expected that a young man by whom he stood would have risen to give him his seat, 'Sir,' said the youngster, 'you must not expect that honour from me, being young, which cannot be returned to me by a child of yours, when I am old.'

"In Athens there was a law, ordaining that public offices should not be given to any but such as were married and had children. A law something similar to this now exists in Switzerland, where no bachelor can hold any lucrative employment.

"The Jews were of opinion that marriage was an indispensable duty, and that a man therefore who did not marry at, or before twenty," (five years sooner than *my* standard,) "was considered as accessory to every irregularity which the young women (for want of husbands) might be tempted to commit; and hence there is a proverb in the Talmud—'who is he that prostitutes his

daughter, but he who keeps her *too long* unmarried, or gives her to an old man?"

"Among the ancient Persians, though there was no positive law for the encouragement of matrimony, yet their kings frequently proposed annual prizes as a reward to those who were fathers of the greatest number of children." Had *mothers* been entitled to the recompence, (and why not?) I should say that Mrs. Betsy Brindle (had she flourished in those glorious days) would have stood a good chance, with her 'thirty children,' of coming in for (at all events) a second or third-rate prize.

"In the code of Hindoo laws, (of so great importance did the legislator reckon marriages,) that he even dispensed with good faith and veracity in order to promote them. 'If a marriage' (say the Pundits) 'for any person be obtained by false witnesses, such falsehood *may* be told upon the day of celebrating the marriage, if on that day the marriage is liable to be incomplete, for want of giving certain articles. At that time, if three or four falsehoods be asserted, it does not signify. Or if on the day of marriage, a man promises to give his daughter many ornaments, and is not able to give them, such falsehoods as these, *if told to promote a marriage*, are allowable.' So much then for Jewish *white lies*."

"As soon as luxury and expense had begun to frighten, and licentious pleasures to decoy, the Roman citizens from marriage, to counterbalance these, it was thought necessary to deny such men as had not entered into that alliance the privilege of giving evidence in courts of justice; and the first question asked by the judge was, 'Upon your faith, have you a wife whereby you may

have children?' If he answered in the negative, his evidence was refused; this however was not sufficient to enforce obedience to the consular mandate of matrimony, to remedy which new honours were heaped upon the married, and fines and punishments were laid upon the bachelors. It was farther ordained that such of the plebeians as had wives should have a more honourable place in the theatres than such as had none; that the married magistrates and patricians should have the precedency of such of the same rank as were single; and that the fines which had first been levied by Camillus and Posthumus upon bachelors, should be *again* exacted."

"When Julius Cæsar had subdued all his competitors and most of the foreign nations which made war against him, he found that so many Romans had been destroyed in the quarrels in which he had engaged them, that, to repair the loss, he promised rewards to fathers of families and forbad all Romans who were above twenty, and under forty years of age, to go out of their native country. Augustus, his successor, to check the debauchery of the Roman youth, laid heavy taxes upon such as continued unmarried after a certain age, and encouraged, with great rewards, the procreation of lawful children." "Some years afterward the Roman Knights having pressingly petitioned him that he would relax the severity of that law, he ordered their whole body to assemble before him, and the married and unmarried to arrange themselves in two separate parties, when, observing the *unmarried* to be the most numerous, he first addressed those who had complied with his law, telling them that *they alone* had served the purposes of

nature and society—that the human race was created, male and female, to prevent the extinction of the species ; and that marriage was contrived as the proper method of renewing the children of that species ; he added, that they alone deserved the name of men and of fathers, and that he would prefer them to such offices as they might transmit to their posterity. Then, turning to the bachelors, he told them *that he knew not by what name to call them*—not by that of *men*, for they had done nothing that was manly—not by the name of citizens, since the city might perish for them—not by that of Romans, for they seemed determined to let the name and race become extinct. But by whatever name he called them, their *crime*, he said, equalled all other crimes put together, for they were guilty of murder, in not suffering those to be born who should proceed from them—of impiety, in abolishing the names and honours of their fathers and ancestors—of sacrilege, in destroying their species and human nature ; that by leading a single life, they overturned, as far as in them lay, the temples and altars of their gods—dissolved the government by disobeying its laws, and betrayed their country by making it barren. Having ended his speech, he doubled the rewards and privileges of such as had children, and laid an additional heavy fine on all unmarried persons by reviving the Popæan law.”

Commend me to you, right noble Augustus ; such an oration was well worthy the victor of Phillipi, and the framer of that wholesome law* which carried dismay into the bosoms of your bachelor subjects, (though I cannot readily forgive you the murder of Cicero and some other innocents,) and I wish to heaven you wore the

* Lex Julia de maritandis ordinibus.

English purple for a few weeks, if it was only for the goodly purpose of giving *our* old bachelors (of the year 32,) a slight taste of the glorious Popæan law.

The Rabbins, like "good men and true," maintain that (by the law of Moses) every body is in conscience obliged to marry at twenty years of age; this makes one (and the *best* I should say) of their six-hundred-and-thirteen precepts. Hence those maxims so frequent among their casuists, that he who does not take the necessary measures to leave heirs behind him, *is not a man, but ought to be reputed a homicide*. "Lycurgus" (who merits an apotheosis accordingly) "was not more favourable to celibacy; by his laws bachelors are branded with infamy, excluded from all offices, civil and military, and even from the shows and public sports. At certain feasts they were forced to appear, to be exposed to the public derision, and led" (*à la Gymnosophistæ*) "round the marketplace. At one of their feasts the women led them, in this (hopeful) condition to the altars, where they were obliged to make the *amende honourable* to nature, accompanied with a number of blows, and lashes with a rod at discretion. To complete the affront they also forced them to sing certain songs" (*Epithalamia* no doubt) "in their own derision."^{*}

In the canon law (and every other rational one) we find injunctions on bachelors, when arrived at puberty, "either to marry or to turn monks, and profess chastity *in earnest*," (why not unsex them, and thus qualify them for *priests of Cybele* at once,) "and in England there was formerly a tax † on bachelors after twenty-five years of

* Alexander, "History of Women."

† By 7 Wil. III. 1695.

age, of one shilling for a common person, and (bravo!) £12. 10s. for a duke.*

"In Sparta, celibacy in men was deemed infamous, and punished in a most extraordinary" (and becoming) "manner. The bachelor was constrained to walk (naked in the depth of winter) through the market-place, *singing* at the same time" (and no doubt his *shake* was very good) "a song in disparagement of himself; the time of marriage was also fixed, and if a man did not marry when he was at full age, he was liable to an action; such as had three children had great immunities, and such as had four were free from all taxes whatsoever. Virgins were married without portions because neither want should hinder a man," (listen to that, ye English Dogberries,) "nor riches induce him, to marry contrary to inclination."

Not only was a high premium set upon fecundity amongst the Greeks and Romans, but a numerous progeny appears to have been accounted *le supreme bon ton* with the Sicilians also—one of whose bridal ceremonies was, "as soon as the marriage had been celebrated, two of the attendants came forward and put a spoonful of honey into the mouths of the bride and bridegroom, pronouncing it emblematical of their love and union, and which (it was hoped) would ever continue as sweet to their souls as the honey was to their palates."†

Handfuls of wheat were also thrown upon them, (the remains of

* "Manners and Customs," &c. page 291.

† Query.—May we not from this simple, though highly figurative ceremony, deduce our own expression of the "honeymoon?"

an ancient rite to Ceres, their favourite divinity,) by way of insuring them a well-stocked nursery, though the Sicilian women (says the Rev. John Platts) have no occasion for any charm to fecundify them, as in general they are abundantly prolific without it.

Fazello gives an account of women having frequently upwards of forty children ; and Carera (O the unconscionable rogue) mentions one who had (*only*) forty-seven ! God bless her dear fruitful soul ! sigh my fair readers no doubt, and I sympathetically echo their soft expiration—only think, what a jewel of a woman !—what a national treasure she would prove at the present emigrating moment—why she would colonize a new settlement (and that handsomely) in a couple of years. Yes, if Mrs. — (by the bye, the good Carera has forgot to introduce her to us *by name*) was in the land of the living *anno domini* 1832, I have not the least difficulty in believing that his Majesty's Government would give her a free grant of Fernandez Po, or any other *infant* colony that stood in need of being quickly populated.

In passing a vote of thanks to Carera's heroine, we must not, however, be unmindful of, or overlook the claims of *other* teemful matrons, since honourable mention is made* of a nobleman of Sienna, (and a noble fellow he certainly was,) named Pichi, who, by three wives, had (no more than) *one-hundred-and-fifty children*, and that being sent ambassador to the Pope and the Emperor, he had forty-eight of his sons in his retinue. Hakewell relates of Mrs. Honeywood,

* Genealogical Hist. of Tuscany.—Gamarini.

a gentlewoman of Kent, (who was born in 1527, married at 16 to her only husband, R. Honeywood, of Charing, Esq. and who died in her ninety-third year,) "that she had sixteen children of her own body, of whom three died young and a fourth had no issue, yet her *grand* children amounted to one hundred and fourteen; her *great* grand children to two hundred and twenty-eight, and her *grand* children's *grand* children to nine, before she died; the whole number she might have seen in her life-time being three hundred and sixty-seven."* †

But the venerable and fecund mother of the Dalburg family saw her offspring of the *sixth* generation, as recorded in the following distich :

Mater (1), ait natæ (2), dic natæ (3),

filia natam (4),

Ut moneat, natæ (5) plangere

filiolam (6) :

Anglice.—"The mother says to her daughter, Daughter, go tell your daughter to advise her daughter to chastise her daughter's little daughter."

Different countries have various modes of wooing and wedding; amongst the former I know of none more simple or expressive than the one anciently practised in Greece.

* "Manners and Customs."

† $16 + 114 + 228 + 9 = 367$.

"As the two sexes had but little communication with each other, and a lover was seldom favoured with an opportunity of telling his passion to his mistress, he used to discover it by inscribing her name on the walls of his house, on the bark of the trees of a public walk, or the leaves of his books. It was also customary for him to deck the door of the house where his fair one lived, with flowers and garlands, to make libations of wine before it, and sprinkle the entrance as well, in the manner that was practised at the temple of Cupid. Garlands were of great use amongst the Greeks, in the affairs of love. When a man untied his garland, it was a declaration of his having been subdued by that passion; when a woman composed a garland, it was a tacit confession of the same thing; and though we are not informed of it, we may presume that both sexes had methods of discovering by those garlands, not only that they were in love, but the object, also, upon whom it was directed."*

In the *Hava-maal*, (or sublime discourses of Odin,) we have some sketches of directions how to proceed in courtship, so as to be successful without the assistance of any charm or secret, (alluding to the love-potions, incantations, and philtres, made use of by both the Greeks and Romans, to conciliate the affections of those they admired.) "He who would make himself beloved of a maiden must entertain her with fine discourses, and offer her engaging presents; he must also incessantly praise her beauty. It requires good sense to be a skilful lover. If you would bend your

* "Manners and Customs."

mistress to your passion, you must only go by night to see her ; when a thing is known to a *third* person it never succeeds."

A monstrous discreet and correct piece of advice, and one that proves Mr. Odin to have been no novice in affairs of the heart.

With the Formosans—"When a young man has a mind to marry, and has fixed his affection on a young girl, he appears for several days following, near the place where she lives, with a musical instrument in his hand. If the young woman is satisfied with the figure of her gallant, she comes forth and joins him ; they then agree and settle the marriage contract, (for fathers and mothers are scarcely ever consulted ;) after this they give notice to their parents, who prepare a wedding feast, which is always given in the house where the young woman resides, and where the bridegroom remains, without returning again to his father."*

The Moors (as well as the Turks and Asiatics generally) marry very young, many of their wives not being more than twelve years of age at their nuptials.

"When the marriage is finally agreed upon, the bride is kept at home eight days, to receive the congratulations of her female friends ; the bridegroom also receives visits from his male friends in the morning, and in the evening rides through the town accompanied by them, some playing on hautboys and drums, and others firing volleys of musketry.

"On the marriage day, the bride in the evening is put into a

* "Manners and Customs."

square or octagonal cage, about twelve feet in circumference, which is covered with fine white linen, and sometimes with gauzes and silks of different colours. In this vehicle, which is placed on a mule, she is paraded round the streets, accompanied by her relations and friends, some carrying lighted torches, others playing on hautboys, and others firing volleys. In this manner she is carried to the house of the bridegroom, who returns about the same time, after performing similar ceremonies.

"On her arrival she is placed in an apartment *by herself*," (to better indulge, I presume, in her bridal cogitations,) "and her husband is introduced to her *alone for the first time*," (egad that's nearly, if not *quite*, as bad as the "buying system" of the Ischorti,) "who finds her sitting upon a silk or velvet cushion, with a small table before her, upon which are placed two wax-candles lighted—her shift," (for shame, Mr. Platts—her *chemise*,) "hangs down like a train behind her, and over it is a silk or velvet robe with close sleeves, which, together with the breast, is embroidered with gold; this dress reaches somewhat lower than the *calf of the leg*," (than which, a more splendid one is not to be seen;) "round her head is tied a black silk scarf, which hangs behind as low as the ground. Thus attired she sits with her hands over her eyes, when her husband appears, and receives her as his wife without any further ceremony."*

Very little form is used amongst the Russians in match-

* "Manners and Customs."

making, which is the work of the parents, *ergo*, the worst work of all. "On the wedding-day, the bride presents the bridegroom with a whip of her own making," (more fool she,) "in token of submission; and this he fails not to employ as the instrument of his authority. The bridegroom seldom sees the woman till he is joined to her for life. The marriage being proposed and agreed to, the lady is minutely examined by a certain body of her female relations, and if they find any bodily defect, they endeavour to cure it by their own skill. When the priest has tied the nuptial knot at the altar, his clerk throws upon her head a handful of hops, wishing that she may prove as fruitful as the plant thus scattered. She is then muffled up and led home by a certain number of old women, the parish priest carrying the cross before, whilst one of his attendants in a rough goat-skin, prays all the way," (success to his prayers!) "*that she may bear as many children as there are hairs on his garment,*"—(this is putting Carera's industrious lady's nose out of joint with a vengeance.) "The new-married couple being seated at table, are presented with bread and salt, and a chorus of boys and girls sing the Epithalamium, which is always" (*proh pudor*) "grossly obscene. The bride and bridegroom are then conducted to their own chamber by an old woman, who, after exhorting the wife to obey the husband, retires. Then the bridegroom desires the lady to put off one of his buskins, giving her to understand that in one of them there is contained a whip, and in the other a jewel, or a purse of money. She takes her choice, and if she finds the purse, interprets it into

a good omen ; whereas, should she light on the whip, she construes it into an unhappy presage, and instantly receives a lash as a specimen" (and a striking one) " of what she has to expect.

" The Muscovite husbands are the most barbarous, even to a proverb ; they not only administer frequent and severe corrections to their wives, but sometimes flog them to death, without being subject to any punishment for the murder.

" If a woman is barren, the husband generally persuades her to retire into a convent, and if fair means will not succeed, he may whip her into compliance."*

The *Morlacchi* (a people of Dalmatia) appear to pride themselves on *la main de fer*, and to vie with the Muscovites in savage brutality towards their ill-fated brides, since the Russian ushers in his spousal with a whipping to his yoke-mate, and a Morlach bridegroom salutes his fair vow-fellow, with an equally ungentle greeting. We are told that " in the land of Pago, after the marriage contract is settled and the bridegroom comes to conduct his bride to church, her father or mother, in delivering her over to him, makes an exaggeration of her ill qualities, thus :—' Know, since thou wilt have her, that she is good for nothing,' (somewhat a heavy charge against a *bran new* bride,) ' ill-natured, and obstinate.' On which the bridegroom, affecting an angry look, turns to the young woman, exclaiming, ' Ah ! since it is so, I will teach you to behave better,' and " (suiting the action to the word) " at the

* " Manners and Customs," &c.

same time regales her with a blow or a kick, or some similar piece of *gallantry*, which is by no means figurative, and it seems in general that the Morlach women (the inhabitants of the cities excepted) do not much dislike a beating either from their husbands or their lovers.*

Another singular custom prevails in the island of Zarine, (near Sebenico,) "for there the Starisvat, whether drunk or sober, must, with his naked broad-sword, strike the bride's crown of flowers off her head, when she is ready to go to bed."

In a Morlacchi wedding—"after dinner they pass the rest of the day in dancing, singing ancient songs, and in games of dexterity, or of wit and fancy; and in the evening, at a convenient hour after supper, (the three ritual healths having first gone round, viz., The Saint Protector of the Family, The Holy Faith, and a certain sacred name,) the Knum accompanies the bridegroom to the matrimonial apartment, which commonly is the cellar or stable, whither the bride is also conducted by the Diveri and the Staches, but the two last are obliged to retire, and the Knum remains alone with the new-married couple. If there happens to be any bed prepared better than the straw, he leads them to it, and having unloosed the bride's girdle, he causes them both to undress each other reciprocally. Next day the bride, without her veil and virginal cap, (for the unmarried girls use a scarlet cap to which they fasten a veil, that hangs down upon the shoulders as a mark of virgi-

* "Manners and Customs."

nity,) dines at table with the Svati, (the term for such friends as are invited to the feast rite,) and is forced to bear the equivocal jests of her indelicate, and sometimes intoxicated, company." *

The poor Circassian girls (the most lovely beings on the face of the earth, next to the English women) seem to stand but a small chance of being able to centre their affections in an object of their own choosing, since a very favourite authority of mine, (the Rev. Mr. Platts,) informs us, that (speaking of the Circassians) "The principal branch of their traffic is" (merciful heaven!) "*their own children*, especially their daughters, whom they sell for the use of the seraglios in Turkey and Persia, where they frequently marry to great advantage, and make the fortunes of their families. The merchants who come from Constantinople to purchase these girls, are generally Jews, who, as well as the mothers, are said to be extremely careful of preserving the chastity of the young women, knowing the very high value that is set by the Turks upon virgin purity."

The ladies in by-gone times appear to have had a high relish for fighting sweethearts—not simply staff or regimental officers, like our *gens de guerre* of the present day, but one of your wholesale cut-and-thrust soldiers; such a first-rater, for instance, as Mr. Grymer, (whose pardon I beg for *mistering* him, but unfortunately his *army rank* has not been handed down to us,) of whom it is

* "Manners and Customs."

related, (in the history of Charles and Grymer, two kings of Sweden,) "Grymer, a youth early distinguished in arms, who well knew how to dye his sword in the blood of his enemies, to run over the craggy mountains, to wrestle, to play at chess, trace the motions of the stars, and throw far from him heavy weights," (an accomplished sort of youth, truly,) "frequently showed his skill in the chamber of the damsels, before the king's lovely daughter; desirous of acquiring her regard, he displayed his dexterity in handling his weapons, and the knowledge he had attained in the sciences he had learned; at length he ventured to make this demand:—'Wilt thou, O fair princess, if I may obtain the king's consent, accept of me for a husband?' (a very pithy, proper, and off-hand sort of proposal.) To which she prudently replied, 'I must not make that choice myself, but go thou, and offer the same to my father.'" To the father accordingly Mr. Grymer proceeds post-haste, whom we are politely informed, answered him thus in a rage, 'Though he had learned indeed to handle his arms, yet as he had never gained a signal victory, nor given a banquet to the beasts of the field, he had no pretensions to his daughter,' and concluded by (obligingly) pointing out to him, in a neighbouring kingdom, a hero renowned in arms, whom, if he could conquer, the princess should be given him."

Back to the said princess goes Mr. Grymer, who on learning the hard conditions imposed upon her lover, straightway (as a matter of course) became greatly agitated, and felt the most lady-like apprehensions for his safety, inasmuch as she was painfully

apprehensive that her papa had thus devoted him to death as a sort of set-off to his presumption. However, (to arrive as briefly as possible at the agreeable *denouement*,) it should seem the ingenious princess provided him with a suit of impenetrable armour and a trusty sword, with which our redoubtable Cataphract valorously marched forth, and having slain his potent adversary and a dozen or two of his followers, triumphantly returned, and received the royal spinster as the fair reward of his victory.

This, it cannot be denied, was substantially winning a wife; but the custom which (Dr. Alexander tells us) prevailed among the *Saccæ* (a people of ancient Scythia) far eclipses it, and all to nothing out-Grymer's Grymer.

The communicative Doctor says, "Every young man who made his addresses to a lady, was obliged to engage her — in single combat; if he vanquished, he led her off in triumph, and became her husband and *sovereign*; but if *he* was conquered, she led *him* off in the same manner, and made him her husband and her—*slave*."

The Norwegian ladies do not appear to have been very far behind the fair Scythians in their Amazonian notions of courtship, if, at least, we are to judge from the following sample of their feminality—

"Gida, the daughter of a rich Norwegian lord, when courted by Harald Harfagre, *sternly answered*, that if he aspired to merit *her* love, he must signalize himself by exploits of a more extraordinary nature than any he had yet performed." And the same author adds, that "When a suitor had gone through the exercise of his

arms before his mistress, and that (displeased with his performance) she wanted to put a negative on his wishes, instead of a verbal reply, she would sometimes arise hastily, snatch the arms from his hand, and shew him, that *she* could handle them with much more dexterity than himself—a reproof which not only mortified all his vanity, but imposed” (I should think a very natural *sequitur*) “eternal silence on his pretensions to love.”*

So much, then, for the belligerous modes of courtship; now let us see how they set about these matters in some other less pugnacious communities.

Among the American Indians—“When the lover goes to visit his mistress, he only begs leave, by signs, to enter her hut; having obtained it, he goes in, and sits down by her in the most respectful silence; if she suffers him to remain there without interruption, her doing so is consenting to his suit, and they” (how very interestingly primitive!) “go to bed together without further ceremony; but if the lover has anything given him to eat and drink, it is a refusal, though the woman is obliged to sit by him till he has finished his” (not, I should think, very palatable) “repast; after which he retires in silence”—*alias* the dumps.

“When a man and woman meet, (in Canada,) though they never saw each other before, if he is captivated with her charms, he declares his passion in the plainest manner, and she, with the same honest simplicity, answers *Yes* or *No*, without further deliberation.”

* Dr. Alexander, “History of Women.”

The lower class of the people who inhabit Massachusetts Bay, have a remarkable method of courtship, which they perhaps borrowed the idea of from the native Americans.

"When a man falls in love with a woman," (and what man doesn't?) "he first proposes his condition to her parents, without whose consent no marriage in the colony can take place; if they approve of him, he repairs to their house in the evening, in order to make his court to the young woman.

"At their usual hour, the old people, and the rest of the family go to bed, leaving the lovers together. Some time after, the lovers go to bed together also," (O fie! naughty lovers!) "but without undressing, to avoid scandal. If they are pleased with each other, the bans are published, and they are married without delay; if not, they part, and never see one another any more, unless the woman should prove *enciente*, when the man is obliged to marry her under pain of excommunication.

"This," (continues the Doctor,) "has a great resemblance to a custom used in some places by the savages, where a lover goes in the night to the hut of his mistress, steals silently in, lights a *match** at the fire, and cautiously approaches her bed, holding the match before him. If she suffer it to remain burning, it is a denial, and he must retire," (*burning*, I conjecture, also,) "but if she blows it out, it is a sign of her approbation, and betokens that she wishes the affair to be transacted in darkness and secrecy; he accordingly profits by the hint, and immediately lays himself down by her side."

* Hence I conclude the etymology of *match-making*.

Amongst the Ischorti,* (one of whose night ceremonies, on the festival of St. John, is singing and dancing round a great fire, concluding their orgies with burning a white cock, amidst the most absurd gesticulations and grimaces,) "Whenever a man feels an appetite towards matrimony, he cuts his preliminary courtship supremely short," (or rather dispenses with it *in toto*), "and speedily insures the consummation of his hymeneal craving; for sallying forth," (while the spirit moves him,) "he (Chinese like) buys a girl, and straightway celebrates his nuptials."†

"The Bukhars‡ also buy their wives, paying for them more or less according to their handsomeness. The persons to be married must not see or speak to each other from the time of their contract, to the day of marriage. This is celebrated with three days' feasting, as they do great annual festivals.

"The evening before the wedding, a company of young girls meet at the bride's house, and divert themselves till midnight, playing, dancing, and singing. Next morning the guests assemble, and help her to prepare for the ceremony.

"Notice being then given to the bridegroom, he arrives soon after, accompanied by ten or twelve of his relations.

"These are followed by some playing on flutes, and an Abus, (a kind of priest,) who sings, while he beats two little timbrels.

"The parties do not see each other while the marriage ceremony is performing, but answer at a distance to the questions

* The flat country of Ingria.

† "Manners and Customs."

‡ The inhabitants of Bukaria, a country on the borders of China.

asked by the priest. As soon as it is over, the bridegroom returns home with his company, and after dinner carries them to the bride's house, and obtains leave to speak to her. This done, he goes back, and returns again in the evening, when he finds her in bed; and in presence of the women, lays himself down by her in his clothes, but only for a moment. The same farce is acted for three days successively, but the *third* night he passes with her entirely, and the next day carries her home.* Now, if the "*no-ment*" part of the said ceremony be not the *very triumph* of tantalism, then write me down a first-rate novice in "the art of ingeniously tormenting."

"In Pennsylvania, when two lovers meet with any remarkable opposition from their friends, they go off together on horseback, the woman riding *before*, and the man *behind*. In this situation they present themselves before a magistrate, to whom she declares that she has run away with her lover, and has brought him there to be married. So solemn an avowal the magistrate is not at liberty to reject, and he marries them accordingly.

"In Amboyna, Tripoli, Algiers, Turkey, &c., the women are so closely watched upon all occasions, and destitute of the art of writing, (by which, in other places, the sentiments are conveyed at any distance,) that they have methods of making known their inclinations to their lovers, and of fixing assignations with them by means of nosegays and plates of fruit, so disposed, as to convey their sentiments in the most explicit manner."

* "Manners and Customs."

Deserving a place in the catalogue of courtships, comes that of Dancing; many a man, savage as well as civilised, has danced himself into the good graces of his mistress, and there are few surer specifics for kindling the soft flame than is supplied by the "Poetry of Motion."

The *balliaderes* of India are the graceful and stimulating medium of many a bride-rite, whilst the *tarantella* of the warm-soul'd Italian, and the *timoradee* of the gentle Otaheitans amounts to well-nigh a love-spell. Have we not, moreover, *our own* pleasurable and sweetly-exciting dances, from the good old-fashioned country-dance, through the (recently-imported) mazes of the quadrille, gallopade, polonaise, mazourka, and dombrouski, up to that queen of ball-room felicity, the voluptuous waltz? And who will deny, that beauty and truth have often been brought together, and the downy shackles of Hymen rivetted, through the happy instrumentality of Terpsichore!

Marriage in different nations is solemnized by confarreation, whilst in others the ceremony of tying the garments of the young couple together (as emblematic of the union which ought to bind their affections and interests) perfects their union.

"A lover in those countries, who is too modest to declare himself, seizes the first opportunity he can find of sitting down by his mistress, and tying his garment to hers, (in the manner practised at the marriage ceremony.) If she permits him to finish the knot, *without interruption*, and does not soon after cut or loose it, she thereby gives her consent. If she looses it, he may tie it again on some other occasion, when she may prove more propi-

tious, but if she cut it a *second* time, his hopes are blasted for ever.

"Among the Kalmuc Tartars, a young couple having agreed between themselves, retire for one year as husband and wife, and if in that time the woman brings forth a child, they remain together; if not, they either make trial of another year, or agree to part."*

With some, the practice of binding the thumbs of the man and woman together, was the form of union, whilst, "in Canada, the bride and bridegroom hold a rod between them, and the old men pronouncing certain prayers over them, they break the rod into as many pieces as there are witnesses; then each taking a piece, carries it home, and deposits it as a testimony of the marriage that has happened.

"In some countries, matrimony was considered as an almost indispensable obligation upon the fair sex; hence the Israelitish damsels bewailed their virginity, when death was likely to snatch them from the world in their virgin state; but they were not the only women who reckoned perpetual virginity a misfortune."

The ancient Persians were of opinion, that matrimony was so essentially necessary, that such of either sex as died single must *infallibly* be unhappy in the next world. This opinion gave birth to the most singular custom we meet with in history.

"When any one died unmarried, a relation, or in default of such, a person hired for the purpose, was solemnly married to the

* "Manners and Customs."

deceased as soon as it could conveniently be done after death, as the *only* recompence then left for having neglected it in life.”*

“The Turks of the present period, at Constantinople, reckoning the first great command, ‘Increase and multiply,’ the most requisite of all others, entertain the same opinion of virginity as the Persians: ‘Every woman,’ say they, ‘was made to have as many children as she can—*she*, therefore, who dies unmarried, dies in a state of reprobation.’

“Virginity was likewise reckoned a misfortune and a disgrace by the Greek women; Sophocles introduces Electra bewailing her hard fate in not being married; and Polycrates, (the tyrant of Samos,) being angry with his daughter for dissuading him from going to meet Orates, governor of Sardis, threatens her, that should he return in safety, he would defer giving her in marriage for a *long time*,”—a threat, I should apprehend, sufficiently explicit to render the said daughter somewhat unsolicitous about her menacing papa’s re-appearance.

“This female dislike to living single has not been peculiar to any period or people—it has universally prevailed among the sex.

“In many nations, laws have been promulgated to prompt the men to enter into matrimony—to prompt the women,” (heaven bless their tender hearts!) “*none have ever been needed*.”

“Young women,” (says the celebrated Montesquieu,) “who are

* “History of Women.”

conducted by marriage alone, to liberty and pleasure, have sufficient inducements to lead them on to that state; it is the *young men* that want to be encouraged."

"At Laas, the marriage ceremony is not only rational, but expressive of the value the bridegroom has for his bride; their mutual engagements are attested by two witnesses, selected from among those *who have lived the longest and most lovingly together*.

"In Chiragus, when a girl arrives at a certain age," (I conclude puberty,) "her female relations enclose her in a hammock, and suspend it from the roof of her cottage. Having remained in this hammock for one month," (a good long sleep,) "they let it down half-way; at the end of another month, the neighbouring women assemble, and having armed themselves with clubs and staves, enter the cottage in a frantic manner, striking furiously upon every thing within it," (barring the hammock, I hope.) "Having acted this farce for some time, one of them declares she has killed the serpent which had *stung* the girl, upon which she is liberated from her confinement; the women rejoice for some time together, and then depart, every one to her own home." Of what size or species the offending "serpent" (that *stung* this poor girl) might be, the muse of history appears to have taken no notice.

"Among some of the Tartarian tribes, when a girl arrives at a fit period of life, they shut her up for a few days," (no doubt, *to fatten*, as we coop up our turkey-poults,) "and after-

wards hang a signal on the top of her tent, to let the young men know that she is become marriageable.*

Girls, strange to say, are presented by their mothers as brides to some of the Hindoo deities, and this vile and superstitious custom is upheld and commended by the Fakirs, a sect of priests, or self-dubbed saints, who wear no clothes, considering them only as proper appendages to sinners, who are ashamed, because they are sensible of guilt; while *they*, being free from every stain of pollution, have no shame to cover.

"In this original state of nature, these pretended devotees assemble together, sometimes in armies of ten or twelve thousand, and under a pretence of going a pilgrimage to certain temples, like locusts devour every thing on their way; the men flying before them, and the women, not in the least afraid, throwing themselves in their way, or remaining quietly at home to receive them.

"It has long been an opinion (established all over India) that there is not in nature so powerful a remedy for removing the sterility of women, as the *prayers* of these sturdy saints. On this account, barren women constantly apply to them for assistance, which, when the good-natured Fakir has an inclination to grant, he leaves his slipper" (the only article of dress he *has* to leave) "at the door of the lady's apartment with whom he is *praying*; a symbol so sacred, that it effectually prevents any one from violating the secrecy of their *devotion*. But should he forget this signal,"

* "History of Women."

(trust him for that,) "and at the same time be distant from the protection of his (Adamite) brethren, a sound drubbing is frequently the reward of his pious endeavours."⁹ What an *ungrateful* return for a husband to make so Samaritan-like a visitor!

Now having initiated my fair readers in the mysteries of all hymeneal ceremonies, *save their own*, (and which they have my best wishes for an early *practical* illustration of,) that I can afford scope for in "The Poetic Negligée," I shall close these hastily-written notes by fulminating the direct anathema against *voluntary* celibacy, (whether practised in the persons of old bachelors or old maids,) and as the Hebrews worshipped the Queen of Heaven; the Phœnicians adored Astarte; the Scythians, Apia; and the Scandinavians, Frigga, (a most un-goddess-like name, by the way;) so I call upon them (my fair readers) to christen, and *bring into fashion*, some English god or goddess of marriage, independent of, and over and above, the present number, as licensed by act of parliament; and since Master Cupid (that lazy little naked Toxophilite) appears to be excessively remiss, (or possibly, troubled with a fit of the cholera,) I recommend them by all means to elect some new *Dieu d'amour*, if only as the *locum tenens* of Cupid, till he resumes his wonted alacrity in their service.

Be advised, then, gentle daughters of Eve, countenance not the reign of (*at least*) male celibacy, nor smile upon the man who approaches you, (if between the years of twenty-five and fifty,) who bears the brand of bachelorship. The Being who can exist

* "Manners and Customs."

out of the trammel of woman's fondness—who neither owns her influence nor ministers to her love—who unclasps not his heart in her bosom, nor drinks his inspiration from her eyes—that *Being* is as unfit as he is unworthy* to ever become “popular with women,” or to be feasted with so sweet and enviable a *nom de caresse* as—“*The Pet of the Petticoats.*”

Much is in your own power, and yet *much more* may be added to it; let Coquetry† (forgive me if the word sounds harsh) go quite out of date,—be as *frank* and confiding as you have ever been *supremely* famed for your beauty and your virtue, and an English woman's virtue and beauty has for ages been one of the standing proverbs of the world. You have (if you will only believe it, and exercise the strength of your dominion) the Society of Bachelors under your absolute rule; as I have before said, let your bearing towards them (whether in public or in private) be regulated by the claim they bring to your esteem. If you have good reason to believe that a confirmed Misogamist approaches you, conglaciate him into a living ice-berg at the very outset; let one of those annihilating frowns—which even the brow of beauty can wear—(for *its own* protection)—petrify him at once into a speechless nothing, and believe me, dear girls, you will speedily bring our bachelor-men back to their wandering senses.

You are (and *well you know it*, without my having the pleasure

* Using the words of your divine poet-sister, and the “Undying One” of fame, the lovely Norton.

† See the Court Magazine for July, 1832, article, “The Coquette,” by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

to tell you so) the glorious Sun of life, towards which our sex (like the fond *Heliotrope*) instinctively turns, to gaze on and adore, and if there be some straggling exceptions from the precious rule, even those *very exceptions* make the rule more absolute.

O woman, (*bell' idol mio,*) say me true, are you not the pleasure-fount of man—his bosom-mate—his *moitié-de-cœur*?

" His likeness, his fit-help, his other self,
His wish exactly to his heart's desire?"

And *being such*, (and *more than such*, if possible,) it is your bounden duty to call him back to his allegiance, should he, in the feebleness of his faith, have revolted for a time against your lawful supremacy.

We have not a triter nor a truer proverb, than that "every thing loves its like," and as we were designed to journey through this life, *chacun avec sa chacune*, it rests especially with you to frame and regulate the forms and usages that are best calculated to bring us together.

The French, despite their theoretic (and I must in justice to them admit, *practical*) gallantry, have a frightfully old bachelor-like sort of proverb; they say of a *fresh-made* Benedict—" *Il a pris le collier de misère,*" thereby (parallel most facinorously!) basely likening the velvet yoke of matrimony to the dray-horse collar of misery—*fi donc, Messieurs les François!* could you not have warmed your thoughts into a prettier Gallicism upon the chaste subject of wedded love? You really deserve impeach-

ment (if that charming tribunal *now* existed) in "*La Cour D'Amour*," and for the above apophthegm, (coupled with the monstrous crime of making "angel" masculine,) I am afraid I shall never be able to either excuse or pardon you.

Few, *if any*, are the men, who have not, at *one time* or another, pined under the soft calenture of love; and many a lady has lost a *fellow-labourer* in the vineyard of Hymen, through *her own* caprice or indiscreetness. You must bear with me, ye gentle ones, while I give you this *slight* tap of the fan, and pardon the unrestrained sincerity of the counsel offered you by your humble, though *heart-devoted* bard.

I have already forewarned you of the dangers (*nay, sin*) of Coquetry, which, like a plague-spot, lingers with a woman through life, and though often indulged in, *at first*, out of mere girlish lussoriousness, it, alas! gathers strength with its practice, and ere long grows into a deep-rooted and incurable *vice*, for such it assuredly is: like *all* evil habits, it insidiously creeps on its victims, and, like every other base passion, ends in their final destruction. I know not of so blighting a canker in woman's reputation, or of so withering a stain upon her moral purity, as eats its way to her heart, under the dangerous guise of Coquetry. Remember, I pray you, my peerless countrywomen, that torture, in any, and every shape, is odious and cruel, *therefore unfeminine*; and tell me, I beseech you, *what torture* can exceed, or *even equal*, that of putting a man's feelings *to the rack*, and those too *especially* the feelings of one over whom your charms have flung the deep spell of their mastery.

But I unwittingly ramble to a blameable length, and must therefore hasten to conclude, which I accordingly do by entreating you to pardon the freedom of the foregoing remarks, and, in taking my respectful leave of you, (though I hope not for long,) I shall presume to entreat your indulgence while I whisper (as a *fold or tie* to "The Poetic Negligée") a few valedictory home-truths into the bachelor-ear.

Sons of Women! (and of Englishwomen too,) ye vaunted and self-styled "lords of the creation!"—bethink ye of your unmanly celibacy—bethink ye of the *chief* and important end and purpose for which you were created, and ask yourselves the plain-put question, "was it intended that I should lead a celibate life?" the answer your conscience (and I should fain hope your *virility* too) will readily give, is "infallibly not," and, acting upon terms of good faith to yourself and others, let that answer work in you the goodly cause of reformation. It is never *too late* to repent, (provided, recollect, that you come within the prescribed scale of connubial years,) and I will take upon myself to answer, on behalf of the gentler sex, that an endearing forgiveness shall be extended to you.

Woman's heart is not susceptible of any unkind or vindictive passion, its pulses throb with love and tenderness alone, and you have but to seek her favour to gain it.

Yes, woman's heart is the home, "*sweet home*," of all the warm and softer emotions—each fervid aspiration breathes gentleness and purity—her mind is the storehouse of truth and affection—she delights in constancy, and banquets on love, for

love is her pure and proper element—(with *myself* for one exception at least.*)

"*Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart—
'Tis woman's whole existence.*"

To your feelings, then, as *men*, let me not vainly appeal. Woman, from the natural delicacy and timidity of her nature, looks to you for succour, and leans her hope on you for support; to whom is she to turn for solace or comfort, if not to her rightful protector—*MAN*; to him whose precious province it is to taste her love, and to teach her the sweet rudiments of enjoyment.

Trust me well,—Woman's bosom is the *only* Ark upon which your weary spirit can settle and repose; when every other joy of life becomes valueless and insipid, the witchery of her sunny smile can call us back to new-born gladness, and freshly bathe our senses in delight.

Do me the favour to remember that

"*L'uomo solitario è o bestia o angelo,*"

and as I apprehend you will be good enough to admit that an old bachelor savours very little of an "angel," the consequent *ergo* is (though I should be very sorry to be guilty of an *ungentleel*-ism) that he *must* be a "beast." Moreover, single gentlemen, be at the trouble, if you please, of recollecting that

"*Pour plaire il faut amuser,*"

* See "The Rejected," page 22, verse 3.

and certainly, so long as you remain *bachelors* I cannot see how you are to effect the "diverting." Of *this* however be assured,

"Tâchez à plaire et vous plairez,"

and the *sooner* for your own "pleasure," that you set about the experiment, believe me, the better.

Were it your (well merited) fate to have been thrown upon some desolate isle, *nature* would soon have schooled you to appreciate the sympathy of any savage, who (pitying your wretched oneness) might vouchsafe to cheer you with the loan of either a *black* or a *copper-coloured* sweetheart; whilst in *your own* native country—in far-famed England, the very *nidus* of beauty, you listlessly martyr your time in effeminate and frivolous pursuits, instead of paying due and manly homage to the fair; content (like the snakes who cast their *exuviae*) with *shedding your coats* at appointed seasons, and fluttering about from club to club with just sufficient consciousness of (non) existence to make your monotone lives wretched and insupportable. And where (ask you) is the healing balm for a bachelor's discomforts? Shall I take pity on, and prescribe for you? Well then, in tender mercy to your illimitable wretchedness, I *do* undertake to work out your cure, and when I assert that the *charm* lies in *one short word*, (and that too the prettiest one in the dictionary,) your incredulity may *possibly* be aroused; but such, most rueful mortal, is nevertheless the case, and, if you will be obliging enough to tell me what *W—i—f—e* spells, you will at once have pronounced the blissful antidote to a bachelor's cares.

Take courage then—(and like Sir Toby Whitebait,) “gird up your loins”—rally from your unmasculine indolence, and become what your Maker intended you for—*Men and Husbands* ! If you feel you have hitherto been blame-worthy, and have “a contrite heart within you,” go through a few penitent genuflections at some lovely and *living* shrine. Expiate the foul crime of celibacy by a formal and fervent palinode, and *thus*, like a happy Neophyte, having exorcised the demon of bachelorship, get vaccinated as *quickly as possible* for matrimony, when I have no sort of doubt, but that you will take the soft infection as favourably as could be wished, and “do well” for the time to come.

But I had well nigh forgotten to make you a present of a few hints in the character of your paronymph or bride-man, and, feeling the full weight of responsibility that rests with me, (as a downright *courtaud de mariage*,) I hasten to correct the omission.

I hold that when a bachelor has “taken his degrees” of wedlock, he from that moment loses all vested interest in his *own* heart, which accordingly becomes as much the property of his Wife, as either her *trousseau* or her pin-money, he receiving, at the same time, in fair exchange, the full and undivided possession of hers.

This is, I am of course aware, quite a *gothic* or (new-laid) idea, and consequently a most unfashionable one ; but, nevertheless, I vote it a very safe domestic creed, and until some doughty champion shall fling me down the controversial gauntlet and disprove the equity of my reasoning, I shall quietly take leave to grow old (and I know at least of *one* more twin-thinker) in the said homely sort of impression.

Whatever you do—tamper not with a girl's feelings, I would rather assist at an *auto-da-fe*, or suttee of a hundred bachelors, than have a woman's sensibility or peace of mind invaded; many men deem flirting (*Contre des fleurettes*) not only strictly justifiable, but absolutely imperative, and plume themselves upon their hollow-hearted success in making a woman believe that she is the chosen object of their desires; but I again repeat that coquetry and flirtation are the assassins of love, and that a man ~~should~~ never hold out promises or expectations, that he does not intend most honourably and religiously to fulfil.

When a girl's affections are encumbered with a mortgage, her name (if not her *fame*) becomes "blown upon" in the marriage market, and be assured it is no easy matter to effect a transfer of her depreciated attachment to another suitor. Ponder, therefore, well, ere you entangle a woman's heart in the silken meshes of love, weigh discriminatingly her merits, and she is full of them, against her foibles, of which she has but few—carefully study the lights and shadows of her disposition, and see whether they blend well and harmonize with your own, and if, upon a fair and impartial estimate, you find the gentle Being of your idolatry *all that man could wish or desire*, for Heaven's high sake, as well as *yours* and *her own*, join her at once in the rosy fetters of matrimony, and—

“ Love her, for she requires love.”

FINIS.

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